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SACCO AND VANZETTI have been in prison for more than six years; for more than five years they have stood convicted of an unusually brutal and commercial-minded murder. Yet there is a wide belief, amounting almost to certainty among impartial persons who have studied the case, that these two idealistic—even if mistaken—Italian radicals could not have committed the crime and that their trial and conviction was a monstrous perversion of justice possible only because of the wild hysteria against aliens and Reds with which the American atmosphere was surcharged in 1920 and 1921. The five years that have intervened since the conviction of these men have been filled with a continuous attempt to obtain a new trial—so far fruitless. We hope that will not be the outcome of the latest argument, begun before Judge Webster Thayer on September 13. This application is based upon new evidence, including the confession of Celestino F. Madeiros, and affidavits from Department of Justice agents showing that that branch of the federal government worked to "railroad" two innocent men to the electric chair. If, in the cooler atmosphere of 1926 Sacco and Vanzetti are unable to obtain a new trial, belief in their innocence will not be lessened, but the judicial machinery of Massachusetts will stand convicted of unwillingness to right a mistake even though it cost two human lives.

TWO MONTHS AFTER the conviction of these hitherto obscure Italian radicals *The Nation* presented their story (September 28, 1921) in an article entitled Sacco-Vanzetti—A Reasonable Doubt. It has since commented many times upon the case and rejoices that the New York *World*, with its fine flair for exposing injustice, has lately been giving splendid publicity to the effort to obtain a new trial. In the present issue we set forth the story of Sacco and Vanzetti in the light of recent disclosures and with a perspective of half a dozen years. All this, as our articles show, tends to fix responsibility more and more upon the Department of Justice under A. Mitchell Palmer not only for creating the hysterical state of mind that convicted Sacco and Vanzetti but also for having actually instigated the prosecution in order to cover up the scandal of the hounding to his death of Andrea Salsedo. With this in mind William G. Thompson, counsel for the condemned men, several months ago asked the Department of Justice to give him access to its files on the case. The request would seem more than reasonable, but so far it has gone unanswered. Why? What is the Department of Justice trying to cover up?

HARRY DAUGHERTY, the first American cabinet officer to be on trial, with his co-defendant, Thomas W. Miller, once Alien Property Custodian, has heard Emory R. Buckner outline the Government's case against them. The indictment alleges that the defendants defrauded the Government of their "honest, unbiased, and unprejudiced services" while in office; the charge in plain English is that Mr. Daugherty and Colonel Miller accepted in September, 1921, at least part of a bribe of $391,000 to effect quickly and painlessly the transfer of seven million dollars' worth of war-impounded securities of the German-owned American Metal Company to the Société Suisse pour Valeurs de Métaux. The transaction was put through and the money paid by Richard Merton, German financier, actively interested in both companies, who was Mr. Buckner's first witness for the prosecution. Mr. Merton was in a great hurry to have his claim settled; he feared that to engage a lawyer would be a lengthy process and would in addition be too costly; he was glad, therefore, to discover certain obliging persons representing the Alien Property Custodian's office, who could put through his claim in seventy-two hours after he presented the proper papers, and he was only too happy to pay to the late John T. King, acting presumably for Colonel Miller, a retainer of $50,000 in addition to the 5 per cent "bonus" of $391,000 when the transfer was made.

MR. MERTON, OF COURSE, did not concern himself with what became of the "bonus," but Mr. Buckner did. To his own satisfaction he has traced part of it to Mr. Daugherty and Colonel Miller; an item of some $22,000 cannot be finally located, but was deposited in the account of Mr. Daugherty, of his brother, or of his intimate friend, Jess Smith, now dead. Mr. Buckner says that he cannot trace the deposit with more accuracy than this because Harry Daugherty destroyed the ledger sheets of the bank for that particular day. This, of course, is unfortunate for Mr. Daugherty. If the Government should prove that he received a mere twenty-odd thousand dollars on the deal it would be more unfortunate still, for who got the rest? And

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if $50,000 of the sum paid by Mr. Merton to Colonel Miller should be traced to the latter's personal account by means of the numbers of the bonds, as Mr. Buckner promises it will be, how very cruel that will be! An ordinary hold-up man who accumulates fifty thousand dollars sometimes finds himself spending twenty or thirty years in jail as a result. The maximum punishment for Mr. Daugherty's and Colonel Miller's offense is two years in jail or $10,000 fine; and if they had had the foresight to demand $100,000 in nice, anonymous cash, delivered, say, in a black bag, they might today be pursuing their ordinary occupations, untroubled by annoying lawsuits and expensive criminal lawyers. What a majestic thing is the law!

ENGLAND IS WAGING two private wars in China—one in South China, at Canton, the other in the heart of China, on the Yangtze River. Canton has been boycotting British goods because British troops killed Chinese in Canton in June, 1925, and the boycott has well nigh ruined the great commercial fortress which the British have built at Hongkong. (They stole that rocky island from China in the First Opium War, eighty years ago.) Now the British have announced that the pickets who enforced the boycott will be treated as pirates, and have landed troops to protect the docks and force the Chinese to accept British manufactures. The Chinese troops are watching from the buildings on the other side of the Bund—and no man can tell if or when their patience will end. But when it does end, the cables will report British heroism, as they did from the Upper Yangtze, and the Chinese will complain of British bullying. British gunboats have also got into trouble on the Yangtze at Wanhsien, twelve hundred miles from the sea. No treaty gives them any right in those waters—only force and the tradition that the Yangtze is a British "sphere of influence." A British steamer nosed its way into the midst of a local war, capsizing a sampan loaded with Chinese troops. A dozen Chinese, apparently, were killed, and the Chinese held the British responsible. They seized two British merchant ships and took six British officers prisoner. Thereupon three British warships went into action, rescuing five of the six officers but leaving the ships in Chinese hands. Seven men wearing His Majesty's uniform lost their lives in the process. They were brave; perhaps they were heroic.

THIS HEROISM LOSES its glamor when seen through Chinese eyes. What business had British warships a thousand miles in the interior of China? The British gunboats concluded the "heroic" episode by bombarding the defenseless city of Wanhsien—"effectively," the cables say, estimating that as a result there are five thousand fewer men and women and children to munch rice in that miserable city. And now the cables burn with stories of protest meetings called by the foreigners in Shanghai and Hankow, demanding "strong" action! The British Government has ordered the flagship of its Asiatic squadron, with a prince of the royal blood aboard, to Hankow, 600 miles from the sea; and the United States has concentrated five warships at that same far-off city, with a dangerous if traditional sense of the necessity for solidarity among the foreigners. Fortunately, the British cannot quite decide against whom to vent their wrath. Yang Sen, whose men dared match bullets with the British, is a sort of bandit-subordinate of Wu Pei-fu, hitherto dear to British hearts, and Wu has just been chased out of Hankow and away from the Yangtze River by the Cantonese. The Cantonese can hardly be held responsible for the acts of their enemies; Wu is far in the interior; and the Peking "Government" has no power over anyone. So British wrath is at a loss for a victim. There is just one way to keep the foreign Powers from inextricably involving themselves in China's civil wars; and that is for their intrusive sloops and gunboats and auxiliary merchantmen to head full-steam for the open sea. They cannot help; they have already done colossal harm. Is there no decency left in our vaunted white civilization?

THE FIFTH ATTEMPT at the assassination of Premier Mussolini brings even more magnificent results than the other four. An unknown young man hurls a bomb; bomb breaks glass in the *duce's* car; chauffeur steps on gas; bomb falls to ground; eight bystanders receive slight wounds from explosion; *duce* commands car to be stopped, sticks head out of broken window, demands all details of what has happened, inquires after victims in hospital, sends condolences to relatives, appears in person before shouting thousands, and makes a fiery speech, punctuated by yells of Viva! Viva il Duce! "As I have abolished strikes, I intend absolutely to stop periodical attempts against my life. . . . I am firmly determined, if necessary, to reestablish capital punishment. . . . Excessive and culpable tolerance of plotters beyond our frontiers cannot any longer be tolerated. . . ." This is admirable strategy; by it Mussolini utters a not too veiled threat to France, changes criminal procedure, and proceeds "with characteristic Fascist determination and method," and not a soul in Italy dares say him nay—out loud. A dramatic scene like this is vastly superior to the tactics of the Spanish Primo de Rivera, who can think of nothing better than to conduct a plebiscite in which persons in favor of the present government may vote yes and those opposed may stay at home and vote nothing. It is reported that Spanish women, "apparently above 18 years of age," who are permitted to vote for the first time, are having a lot of fun exercising the franchise, and that disaffected persons who do not care for de Rivera are voting anyway because that seems safer. This is a handsome method of establishing popular government, but it pales beside the melodrama carried through so well in Italy.

PUBLICITY PAYS; exposure pays; and the greatest governments in the world feel it worth while to heed the imponderables. The curiously phrased notes recently composed by the British and Italians in explanation of their course in Abyssinia give new faith to the disillusioned. Abyssinia, it will be recalled, is the only remaining truly independent country in Africa; Liberia is really an American ward, and the limited "independence" granted Egypt will hardly be counted real by anyone recalling British action in the Stack incident. As the memory of the resounding Italian defeat at Adowa in 1896 grows dimmer, Italian eagerness to end Abyssinian independence waxes keener. Italy, however, needs foreign support. Now, England and Italy have had their little difficulties in Asia Minor and on the borders of Italy's other African colonies, and, as Commander Kenworthy points out elsewhere in this issue, "independent" Abyssinia seemed a good place to make mutual concessions. Since neither Power had any rights there whatever, concessions would cost nothing. But

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the deal was too bare-faced; it stank. France objected; British Liberals protested; Abyssinia complained to the League of Nations, and the League forwarded the complaint to the guilty parties. They have replied with touching innocence. They were, it seems, "misunderstood"; they intended merely to "coordinate" their economic interests without in any way prejudicing the freedom of action of Abyssinia, and their agreements were subject to Abyssinian approval. In other words, they were not merely misunderstood; they did not mean anything at all in the first place. As the *Manchester Guardian* says:

> A secret agreement is meaningless unless it is intended to have results. Not only has this one failed to produce results, but its secrecy has been broken, and two Great Powers have been forced to declare publicly that so far from expecting results to follow none were ever contemplated.

MAJOR GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, retired, commander of the Twenty-sixth Division in the World War, has faith in the youth of America. He has just said as much, and more, to an American Legion Convention in Niagara Falls:

> I believe our youth is the most idealistic of any youth in the world, and when a crisis approaches has a greater and more accurate vision than their elders. . . . Having much faith in the idealism of our youth I am not scared to the point of surrender at this insidious poison that is being injected into the minds of the youth of this country . . . this internationalism, this brotherly love, this "no more war," "outlaw war," "peace and freedom," and "industrial democracy."

In addition to this touching faith in the young men and women of America, the general thinks it would be nice if before the next war sets in a law were passed drafting every citizen and every branch of industry into war service. "Pass this law," he says optimistically, "and no nation or combination of nations will dare to challenge us if we learn to appreciate and develop the idealism of our youth." Thus the professional soldier speaks. The general, however, added a note of sober truth to his remarks: "I don't know," he told the Legionnaires, "of any lot of men better acquainted with hot air and gas than you. . . ." The general ought to know.

WHAT IS A FLAG? What is this fetish-worship that brings millions of children to attention every morning, mumbling a form of words before an idol made of cloth? A day may come when these symbols of nationalism will seem as much child's play to us as they would to a visitor from Mars. Meanwhile South Africa is seething with a sort of religious war of flags. The Nationalists want a flag of their own, recognizing their independent status; the old Britons roar that never, never, never will they desert the Union Jack. Already King George's whiskers have vanished from the stamps, replaced by springboks and old Dutch sailing-ships and orange trees; and the Dutch language has appeared beside English even upon the sacred silver coins. The British colonials—always more British than the British of England—foam with rage, and break up the Nationalist meetings. "I'll tell you what it is to be patriotic in Durban," a labor leader shouted at a Natal audience that was interrupting speakers with boos and "Rule, Britannia" and shouts of "God bless the Prince of Wales." "It's to buy an American motor car and put in front of it a Union Jack made in Germany."

FOR THE FIRST TIME since the war an international congress of philosophers is being held. It is a sad comment upon modern scholarship that the war mobilized even that elite which is supposed to devote itself in academic quiet to the serene processes of thought. The historians and scientists, with a few honorable exceptions, revised their texts, threw mud at the enemy, and descended into the streets to make four-minute speeches full of dishonest piffle. Even the philosophers proved human. Eucken and Wundt and Alois Riehl were among the famous ninety-three Germans who signed a manifesto about things of which they could not possibly know anything; in America even Royce and Dewey and Santayana got out war philosophies. And even after the war was over the scientists felt that patriotism forbade them to meet with their German colleagues. Today Hindus, Frenchmen, Germans, Japanese, English, and Americans meet as equals in the old Harvard Yard. Are they really less provincial than when they met amicably in those far-off days before the war?

HARDER THAN SWIMMING THE CHANNEL these days it is to keep up with the record for Channel swimming. As we go to press Georges Michel, the intrepid French baker, holds the championship with a time of eleven hours, five minutes, but there is no telling how soon this will be reduced to ten hours or less. M. Michel is reported a strong but not a swift swimmer; if a really fast performer should appear he might breakfast comfortably in Gris Nez and arrive in Dover not more than a few minutes late for lunch, thus avoiding the tiresome business of snatching, on the fin, so to speak, a bite held out by a friend in a rowboat. Speaking of nourishment, there is M. Michel's recipe for Channel-crossing: he not only sustained himself solely on sugar soaked in cognac but his first act on landing was to run for a double whiskey and soda. Is it not whiskey that shortens life, weakens man's physique, makes his organs ineffective and his muscles flabby? How much nicer if M. Michel had performed his feat on a glass of milk and a bottle of sarsaparilla! But of course the Channel is wet, so that the Frenchman was breaking no laws, and anyway, didn't our Trudy swim across on a perfectly constitutional beef steak?

THE FIRST THREE NUMBERS of the *New Criterion*, a British quarterly edited by T. S. Eliot, seem to establish this journal as the most interesting clearing-house of literary ideas that we now have. It represents an attitude without precedent in England and almost incomprehensible in America; it is at once revolutionary and traditional. It is revolutionary with respect to the current romantic decadence, being without the messianic special plea so familiar and disastrous to intellectual order in America; yet it attempts the definition of a continuous Greco-Roman culture as a principle of unity in Western civilization, of which, some of us notwithstanding, we are an extension. Its critical method is rationalism and it demurs from sentimentally absolute values; it has the perspicacity to see that diverse expressions of a living order, such as those of Gertrude Stein and the late T. E. Hulme, may participate in the same discipline. Americans will observe with interest this effort toward an ordering of the modern spirit.

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The Political Zoo

ANOTHER batch of primaries has rushed across the headlines like a comet, and now the political analysts are filling the inside pages with their sage interpretations. Fortunately for the analysts, some of whom are hired by Republicans and some by Democrats, some of whom write for Dry papers and some for Wet, there were enough primaries and enough varying results to satisfy everybody. The net result is a jumble of cross-currents, and an honest forecast can hardly predict more than "Cloudy, with uncertain breezes and varying temperatures."

In Wisconsin Senator Lenroot, with all the Administration support behind him, could not stand against the La Follette influence, and lost the Senatorial nomination to Governor John J. Blaine. But Fred R. Zimmermann, a handshaking politician who had grown up as a disciple of La Follette and loudly advertised his long friendship with the old chief, was able to defeat Herman Ekern, the State Attorney General, who was the real La Follette choice, for the nomination for Governor. The Coolidge Republicans deserted their own candidate and flocked to help Zimmermann in his attack upon the "Madison ring"—meaning the stalwarts who stood by La Follette principles. The result gives little substantial comfort to anyone. Blaine's certain election will add one to the insurgent list in the Senate, but he is not a disciple of the old crusading type; and the staunch Progressives have lost something of their grip on the party machinery in Wisconsin.

In New Hampshire Senator Moses, independent conservative, who fought the Administration on the World Court issue, defeated Robert P. Bass, Dry, pro-World Court, and Roosevelt Progressive. In Massachusetts and Arizona Senators Butler and Cameron won the Republican renominations without opposition. and Senator Oddie had small difficulty in Nevada; but in all three States the Republican stalwarts face real fights against the Democrats in November. In Georgia Representative Upshaw, prize orator of the Anti-Saloon League, was defeated—by a man who insists that he is as Dry as Upshaw.

There is no tidal wave discernible in these results, although they confirm the result long predicted—that the Coolidge Republicans will lose control of the next Senate and perhaps of the House. There were fifty-five nominal Republicans in the last Senate, but four of these—La Follette, Norris, Frazier, and Nye—formed a Progressive Republican Opposition of their own; and Borah, Howell, Norbeck, Couzens, and Hiram Johnson were certainly not to be counted upon. In the next Senate Brookhart and Blaine will be added to this powerful little insurgent group; and half a dozen Democrats threaten to defeat sitting Republicans. Ex-Senator David Walsh in Massachusetts is waging effective war against the President's crony, Mr. Butler, who singularly lacks capacity for making other friends; the Dry revolt against Senator Wadsworth in New York State threatens his career; Arizona, Oklahoma, Maryland, Nevada, and even Oregon are today in the doubtful column. Even if Pennsylvania and Illinois soddenly elect the Republicans in whose behalf so many millions were misspent, it is unlikely that the Senate which sniffed so long at Newberry will seat these men whose expenses so overshadow his.

But what if the Senate does turn against the President? What will it stand for? There is plenty of latent discontent in the country, but it is not focussed. Outside of the great cities the wet-and-dry issue does not excite the masses of the voters. The good old tariff leaves the 1926 citizen unexcited. The World Court, hard as it has been ridden by the professional interpreters, is scarcely a vivid national issue. A generation that has seen the corporations withstand a score of deadly thrusts no longer answers to the old battle-cries, and the exposures of vast corruption have been so widespread that they have left the country numb rather than indignant, and uncertain where to look for a remedy.

The Democrats appear to the ordinary voter simply as the Outs who want to get in. They have dickered and dealed on petty sectional lines, stultifying themselves by bargaining with Mr. Mellon to support his millionaire income-tax theories, and failing to convince the country of the sincerity of their interest in the people's cause. The party did not give Senator Walsh effective support in his attack on the oil leases, or follow up Senator Wheeler's exposure of the Ohio gang in Washington. In every real economic battle —Muscle Shoals, farm relief, the sugar tariff, railroad regulation, and all the rest—they have left leadership to the overworked Republican insurgents.

Why, in these circumstances, should any reasonably disillusioned citizen be excited by the prevailing winds of national politics? What if politicians themselves have tired of the canny little Yankee who gives out such diverse statements through his Official Spokesman at Paul Smith's; they offer the voter in exchange only a Lowden or a Longworth, men who may be able to round up the delegates at a convention but are as impotent to stir voters as a James N. Cox or a John W. Davis. On the Democratic side there is always "Al" Smith. But what does "Al" Smith stand for? It would be a healthy thing if this country could squelch the Klan spirit by electing a Catholic to the Presidency, but membership in a religious minority which has suffered persecution is hardly sufficient credentials for the Presidency. Governor Smith has the indispensable quality of personality; he has proved executive ability; but where does he stand on any national issue of importance? No one knows. The campaign for his nomination is being waged on personality, and on personality and religion alone. They are not enough.

The country is politically apathetic. Both Republican and Democratic parties shelter whole zoos of political specimens, but not within or without either of them is there a clear-cut issue to fire the country. Labor, too easily depressed by the results of 1924, has abdicated its task of political leadership. The farmers have not yet learned the lesson of organization. Individuals stand aghast and perplexed as they watch the growing control of the country's life by the vast corporations centering in Wall Street. But so long as corporation control provides the relatively comfortable material basis of existence which still exists in America, effective political revolt seems unlikely. And we should like to feel surer than we do that the necessary study was being carried on to make eventual revolt intelligent and effective.

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Was Jesus a Myth?

THE publication in America of Georg Brandes's "Jesus, A Myth," contending that no such person as Jesus ever lived and that He is as completely a myth as Hercules or Prometheus, has already produced newspaper headlines. Yet this theory, far from being new, belongs to the childhood of biblical criticism. The roots from which it developed go back at least a century and a half; its fully developed form is some fifty years old; and it is, indeed, one of the most immediately obvious solutions of the difficulties which the study of the growth of Christianity involves.

As everybody knows, the New Testament is extremely unsatisfactory as a series of historical documents. That it remained for so many centuries unquestioned is due chiefly to the fact that the great age of the Church occupied a period before the development of the most elementary principles of historical criticism. Centuries which were accustomed to believe that a certain barbarous summary of the Iliad was written by an eye-witness of the Trojan war and accepted in all good faith the forged Donation of Constantine were not likely to criticize the fundamental documents supporting their faith. Even Luther definitely declared his lack of interest in the harmonizing of the four Gospels.

As far back as 1782 the German scholar Karl Friedrich Bahrdt developed the theory that Jesus was a more or less passive tool in the hands of a secret order among the Essenes who used Him as the means whereby they might detach the Jewish people from their somewhat materialistic conception of the function of the Messiah, and when, some three-quarters of a century later, Bruno Bauer was seeking for some explanation of the absence of any strictly contemporary evidence of the existence of Jesus he gave this theory of the secret society a new development. Boldly moving the date of the Gospels forward to the second century, he declared that the myth of Jesus was invented out of whole cloth about the time of Nero. Various heathen philosophers, notably Seneca, had, so he argued, developed the ethics of Christianity but had failed to popularize their ideas, so they deliberately invented the figure of Jesus in order to add the charm of an heroic personage and the sanction of the supernatural.

Such theories solve certain historic difficulties but they are a little less credible than the most naive supernaturalism. Like those rationalistic explanations of the miracles which make Jesus a sort of Houdini who was, besides, remarkably favored by chance in the perpetration of deceptions, they demand more credulity than the miracles themselves and remind one of the taunt hurled at a famous rationalist by one of the faithful who said "He will believe anything, provided only it is not in the Bible." Myths are not so much the result of deliberate fabrication as of a process by which tales are gradually adorned as they pass from mouth to mouth. If Jesus is a myth He was not deliberately invented by any benevolent secret society but grew, instead, by slow stages out of the needs of men.

Doubtless the majority of competent scholars, Christian or skeptic, would agree that the Jesus of tradition is not identical with the Jesus of history. To most, however, it will seem probable that however great the proportion of myth there was, nevertheless, some historic figure about whom myths could crystallize. There is not, at present, any convincing contemporary evidence of His existence. Should the recently discovered translation of Josephus, containing the reference to Jesus which has generally been supposed to be a late interpolation, really be as old as it is said to be, we should at last have an almost conclusive proof of the historicity of Jesus.

The Golden Egg

THANKS to the recent reappointment of Henry H. Glassie to the United States Tariff Commission, that body can continue unhampered its investigation of the relative costs of producing eggs in this country and China. The President has announced the reappointment "temporarily," although he is aware of the widespread opposition to it in Congress. Senator Weller, Republican, as well as Senator Bruce, Democrat, representing Maryland, Mr. Glassie's State, are openly opposed to him. There can be no hope of a confirmation.

It may seem strange that Mr. Coolidge has flown thus in the face of a Senatorial rejection; but two other of his appointees now cling to their jobs by a toehold so precarious that there is grave doubt as to the legality of their votes. These are Commissioners Edward B. Brossard and Sherman J. Lowell. Comptroller General McCarl has ruled that they can draw no salaries for their present labors unless they are confirmed by the Senate, which refused at its last session to confirm them. Unless it does act favorably, there will be a legal question as to the validity of their official acts; and with Commissioner Glassie's place unfilled there would be only three sound and unclouded votes—which is not a majority of the commission—on eggs.

Mr. Glassie's vote is valid, although Congress passed a special act to disqualify him from voting in the sugar case because Mrs. Glassie's family owned a sugar plantation and mill. Mr. Glassie is a Democrat by official label, but not by tariff affiliations. He may be counted upon to assist in acting on President Coolidge's statement that "the American farmer must not be undersold at home by . . . Chinese eggs"; and this is important at a time when the farmer vote must be conciliated. Under the so-called flexible provision of the tariff law, the President is empowered to increase the rate on eggs by 50 per cent if he sees fit.

An egg fit for the breakfast table now retails at five cents or more, and consumers may question whether this is too little to pay, but then, the consumer does not see, as does the poultryman, the Yellow Peril of the egg question. During the last fiscal year we imported, almost wholly from China, nearly one one-hundredth as many eggs in the shell as we exported: 275,892 dozen, to be exact, as against 27,930,637 dozen exported. Our imports, however, are chiefly of eggs dried or frozen, and are figured by the pound. Even so, taken all together, the imports do not equal the exports, and they are an insignificant part of the total home production, which runs toward two billion dozen a year.

One does not get a picture, from these figures, of an industry throttled by competition and waddling toward its grave. But the Tariff Commission, as soon as it has determined the average cost of production of an egg in this country, is going to investigate average costs over the vast area of China. Most men would say it could not be done, but we may depend upon the Commissioners, picked by Calvin Coolidge, to accomplish the impossible. They are there to tend the goose which lays the golden egg.

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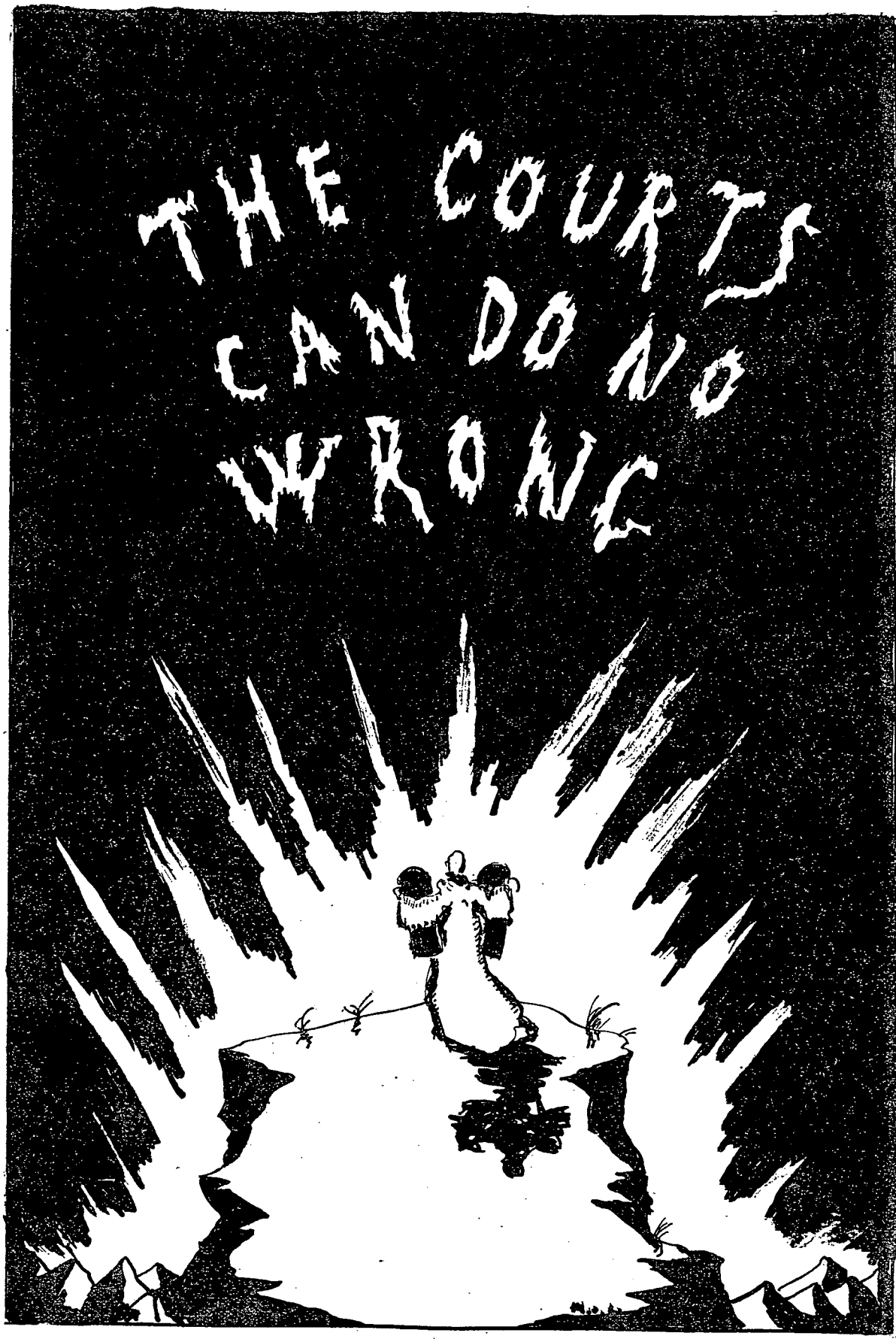

The Latest Amendment to the Decalogue

Drawn by Hendrik van Loon

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Sacco-Vanzetti—A Federal Lynching

New Light on an Old Story

By THOMAS O'CONNOR

ON December 24, 1919, at about 7:30 a. m. three employees of the L. Q. White Shoe Company of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, were riding on a motor truck carrying a strong box containing a $30,000 payroll. They were met by an armed man standing in the street close to an automobile which contained three other men. The bandit fired and the fire was returned. The bandit jumped into the car, which sped down a side street. The truck went on, its driver in a state of collapse but the payroll intact.

On April 15, 1920, at about 3 p. m. the paymaster and guard of the Slater and Morrill Company, shoe manufacturers, in South Braintree, Massachusetts, were carrying a payroll of about $16,000 from the company's office to its lower factory through the main street. They were met by two men armed with revolvers. The two shoe-company employees were shot and killed. As the murder was committed a touring car drew up, the murderers threw the money boxes into it, jumped in, and the automobile was driven away.

These two crimes were among a series of daring payroll robberies, store holdups, and bank robberies which terrorized the inhabitants of industrial towns in eastern Massachusetts in the fall of 1919 and the winter of 1920.

Captain William H. Proctor, head of the State police, took charge of the investigation of the South Braintree murder. After two or three weeks of sifting of clues the police were still at sea.

In the intervals between their discouraging pursuit of bandits the local police were called upon to assist the Boston office of the Federal Department of Justice in arresting anarchists and other radicals in the game of chasing the Reds, devised by Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer to head off a revolution and incidentally to win the Presidency for Mr. Palmer as a reward for saving America from the Bolsheviki. The Red raids began on January 3, 1920.

Spying on Radicals

One of the accommodating local police officers was Chief Michael E. Stewart of Bridgewater. On January 3, 1920, in the early hours of the morning Department of Justice agents from Boston, with the Bridgewater police, descended upon Bridgewater, routed four bewildered Lithuanians out of their beds, and arrested them as Russian Reds. It was this introduction into the work of spying upon, arresting, and catechising radicals which was to lead Stewart, a small-town policeman, into a blunder which resulted in the conspiracy to send Sacco and Vanzetti to the electric chair.

Having enlisted the aid of Chief Stewart, the Boston office of the Department of Justice next called for his assistance in locating one Coacci, a radical, distributor of the radical paper of one Galliani of Lynn, and friend, as it later turned out, of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. Coacci lived in the same house in West Bridgewater with Boda and Orciani, also friends of Sacco and Vanzetti. Stewart had been supplied by Kelleher and West with the catechism for anarchists, and he asked Coacci: "Are you a citizen or an alien? Are you an anarchist? Opposed to any organized government? Believe in force or violence to overthrow this form of government? Have you assassinated any high officials of this country?" To this last Coacci answered: "Not yet."

On April 16 Stewart was asked by the Department of Justice to look up Coacci, who had not appeared for a hearing. His excuse was that his wife was about to have a baby. Stewart, with a Department of Justice agent and Officer Lawton of West Bridgewater, found Coacci in the middle of the room in a little house near the Johnson garage. He had his trunk packed and was about to leave. They suggested that his wife go with him, but she wished to have her baby on shore. Coacci, it appeared, insisted on leaving at once. He was deported from Ellis Island on April 18.

Chief Stewart Pricks Up His Ears

Echoes of the Bridgewater crime in December, which had died down, were reawakened in Chief Stewart's ears when it appeared a day or two after the South Braintree holdup that both crimes were probably the work of the same gang. He began making inquiries in Cochesset, a little section in West Bridgewater, to learn if there was an Italian there who owned a car. He found one. His name was Boda. Boda lived with Coacci. Stewart remembered that he had arrested Coacci as an anarchist. Coacci was a man of mystery—a newcomer, with strange-looking Italian friends. The friends were Sacco, Vanzetti, and Orciani.

Some evil genius gave Chief Stewart an inspiration. He found that Coacci had worked at the L. Q. White Shoe Company in Bridgewater a few days before the attempted holdup of the payroll of that company and later at the Slater and Morrill factory until within a few days of the South Braintree robbery. The plot presented itself: Coacci had "skipped with the swag," under cover of his deportation. Boda, owner of the car, a small Overland, was the leader of the gang, and the unknown Italians coming under cover of night were the confederates.

Stewart found Boda. He asked him about his car. Boda told him the car had been taken to the Johnson garage the day before. Then Stewart got the information from Johnson that Boda had come about having the car fixed on the day before, or the day of, the South Braintree robbery. Stewart warned Johnson not to let Boda have the car; to telephone the police when anybody came for it.

While Stewart waited for the payroll bandits, what were Sacco and Vanzetti doing? Sacco was working in the shop of the Three-K shoe factory at Stoughton. Vanzetti was peddling fish in Plymouth. In their spare time they were circulating among their radical friends, attending meetings, and advising one another of the activities of the Department of Justice agents who were making a reign of terror among the Italian radicals as a part of A. Mitchell Palmer's little party.

Andrea Salsedo and Robert Elia, both Italians, printed an anarchist paper in New York. Vanzetti wrote articles for the paper. Salsedo and Elia were arrested by Depart-

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ment of Justice agents in March and held prisoners in the offices of Chief William J. Flynn, head of the Division of Information, in the Park Row Building. Salsedo smuggled two letters out to Vanzetti. On receipt of the first letter Vanzetti sent money and on receipt of the second got up a meeting of Italian radicals at the Italian Naturalization Club in East Boston, on April 25. He told the story of Salsedo and was selected to go to New York to help him. Vanzetti went and came back about May 1; he reported at a second meeting, on May 2, attended by Boda. He said that Walter Nelles, a lawyer, advised that the Department of Justice agents were to make raids on their homes and arrest them. It was decided at that meeting to get Boda's car, notify the various "friends," and gather and conceal the radical literature. Sacco, Vanzetti, Boda, and Orciani were to meet at Johnson's garage in West Bridgewater the night of May 5.

Salsedo Falls to His Death

Salsedo was released from his strange prison in the Park Row building on May 3; his body came tumbling down fourteen stories to the street. Next day Vanzetti read of what had happened. He and Sacco prepared a poster announcing a meeting to be held in Brockton, a few miles away, on May 9. He finished writing the poster on the street car on the way to Bridgewater to meet Boda and Orciani.

So the four worried Italians appeared in West Bridgewater on the night of May 5, looking for Boda's car "to hide the literature and to notify the friends against the federal police." They presented themselves at the Johnson house—and sprung the trap set by Stewart. Johnson halted Boda with the warning that there was no 1920 number plate on the car. While Johnson kept them there arguing Mrs. Johnson went to a neighbor's house "to get some milk," and telephoned the police. When Mrs. Johnson came out after some ten minutes Sacco and Vanzetti became suspicious. They walked off to take the street car to Brockton. Boda and Orciani went off in Orciani's motorcycle. When the street car reached Brockton a police officer boarded it and arrested Sacco and Vanzetti. Orciani was arrested the next day. Boda was never seen again. He had had enough.

At the police station Sacco and Vanzetti were found to be carrying loaded revolvers and two or three shotgun shells were found on Vanzetti. To the police and to the District Attorney they told lies—where they got their weapons, what they were doing, and what they intended to do on the night of their arrest. In the trial these lies weighed heavily against them. They were the basis of the Commonwealth's assertion that they had exhibited a "consciousness of guilt." Later that night Stewart himself, now become master detective of payroll bandits and local inquisitor for A. Mitchell Palmer, came and questioned them. He found on Vanzetti the notice of the meeting to be held in Brockton on May 9, with Vanzetti set down for a speaker.

Finding his supposed payroll bandit a radical, Stewart got out his anarchist catechism: Are you a citizen? Are you an anarchist? Do you believe in the overthrow of this form of government by force or violence? To the question on anarchism Vanzetti answered mildly, and considering his predicament not unreasonably: "I like things a little different." To the "force or violence" question he answered: "If necessary." Sacco shared the same experience.

When Orciani was arrested the following day he was similarly catechized. He lied to the police also. He told them he did not know Sacco, whereas Sacco had affirmed his affection for his friend Orciani. Yet in the end—and despite the fact that witnesses "identified" him—he was released because it had been found he had been at work both on the day of the Bridgewater crime and on the day of the South Braintree murder.

When the police set about to get Sacco, Vanzetti, and Orciani identified, all usual procedure went by the board. The victims were not lined up to see if the witnesses could pick them out of a crowd. They were placed on exhibition in the station and witnesses came in and looked them over. Sacco's hair was rumpled, he was told to crouch down, to extend his arm as if shooting at somebody, his hat on and off—all to force a likeness to a bandit. Yet even then some of the witnesses did not identify them. The police forgot to take the names of those who declined to identify. As it was, in the murder trial there were more identification witnesses for the defense than for the State, despite the trickery of the prosecution.

The district attorney, having Sacco, Vanzetti, and Orciani on his hands, had to adopt the fantastic theory of Stewart, the Bridgewater policeman—and adopt Stewart with it, for only he could apply it to the realities. Accordingly, Stewart secured a leave of absence from the town of Bridgewater and became the chief investigator for the Commonwealth. Captain Proctor, head of the State Police, a man of thirty years' experience in hundreds of murder and robbery crimes, warned the prosecuting officials that he believed they had the wrong men—and stepped out.

The State's Theory

The State's theory of the crimes, as Frederick G. Katzmann, the prosecuting attorney, finally smoothed out the messages which Stewart had received from the spirit world, was as follows: The little house of Coacci, the radical and friend of Sacco, Vanzetti, and the others, near the Johnson garage, was the bandit headquarters. Boda was the leader of the gang. He was a salesman, knew the roads, and had a car. That at the time of the crime the car could not run mattered little. The four Italians had come back to Bridgewater to make a get-away. Coacci was the fifth man. There had been five bandits in the South Braintree crime. Boda disappeared after he found that Sacco, Vanzetti, and Orciani had been arrested. Coacci had taken the payroll with him to Italy in his trunk when the federal Government deported him from New York City three days after the South Braintree robbery. Coacci had worked for a short time at the White shoe factory in Bridgewater, prior to the attempted holdup of the payroll there, and also had worked at the Slater and Morrill shoe factory in South Braintree up to within a few days of the robbery at that place. Sacco worked in a shoe factory in Stoughton. Boda had been seen riding in a Buick car (the bandit car was a Buick) some weeks earlier and "waved his head" to a neighbor.

It was found that Sacco had been at work on the day of the Bridgewater crime, and the prosecution decided not to charge him with participation in that. Vanzetti stood alone as the defendant in the Bridgewater case, although there were four bandits in the holdup. The government's theory was beginning to leak. Sacco was held for the South Braintree crime because it was found that he was not at work on that day. He said he went to Boston to obtain a passport for Italy—and offered to prove it. He had been

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at work every other day that winter and spring. Vanzetti was his own employer. He could not give himself a certificate that he had been at work. His word was not taken as to his whereabouts, nor was the word of the greater part of the Italian colony in North Plymouth.

What about Coacci, the man who "skipped with the swag"? Immediately upon the arrest of the three Italians the police, with the help of Department of Justice agents, sought to catch Coacci, as soon as he landed on the Italian shore. They located Coacci, intercepted his trunk, had it taken back to America. The trunk was broken open and found to contain nothing except Coacci's own belongings. Yet in the face of all this the prosecuting attorney told the jury in the murder trial at Dedham a year and a half later that Coacci escaped to Italy with the swag.

Vanzetti's First Trial

After the fishy identifications of Vanzetti in connection with the Bridgewater crime and the rejection of witnesses who would not identify him Vanzetti was placed on trial. The trial was "staged" at Plymouth in June and it "ran" for a week. The outcome was a conviction, followed on August 16, 1920, by a sentence from Judge Webster Thayer of twelve to fifteen years in State prison for assault with intent to rob.

Fred H. Moore, a California lawyer, who became chief counsel after Vanzetti's Plymouth trial, had been one of the defending lawyers for Ettor and Giovannitti, leaders of the Lawrence strike of 1912, when they were tried on a charge of constructive murder. The trial of Sacco and Vanzetti at Dedham for the payroll robbery and murders at South Braintree began on May 31, 1921, and ended on July 14, when the jury, after five hours' absence from the courtroom, brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree against each defendant.

On the opening day of the trial the front entrance of the county courthouse at Dedham was guarded by an iron gate, behind which stood policemen and deputy sheriffs. They opened the gate, admitting only one man at a time. There was a big crowd around the courthouse, made up almost entirely of the 250 men who had been summoned as prospective jurors. Each of them, as he passed through the gate, was "frisked" for a concealed weapon. Newspaper men were felt over for guns for the first time in their career. Throughout the trial a squad of policemen, with riot guns at the ready, stood on the courthouse steps, guarding the place against "the anarchists." Troops of the State police patrol, on horseback, paraded about the otherwise quiet little town. Arrangements for guarding the courthouse were made by the State police in cooperation with the Department of Justice, the latter under the direction of William J. Burns, whose machinery had been taken over bodily when Harry M. Daugherty came in for his hectic term as Attorney-General.

The Parade of the Police

Sacco and Vanzetti were lodged in the county jail at Dedham, some two blocks from the courthouse. They were taken to the courthouse in the morning in the midst of a crowd of deputy sheriffs; they were taken back at noon the same way. A squad of twenty-eight men brought them back in the afternoon and took them away at night. All through the trial this march was made four times a day, through the public streets. Though the number of police was after a time reduced, there were never fewer than sixteen officers with the two defendants.

The panel of 250 jurors was exhausted without securing the required twelve good men and true, and a second panel of 250 was summoned and questioned without filling the box; a special panel was called and finally the deputies were sent out into the "highways and byways." Protest was vainly made by counsel for the defendants in regard to the manner in which the final lot of jurors was secured.

Before the trial opened every person who could read a newspaper knew that "Vanzetti, convicted holdup man, goes on trial today for murder." The agreement, made in the trial, that if the defense would not introduce character witnesses for Vanzetti the State would not refer to his conviction at Plymouth, was consequently a one-sided deal.

Moore began his task in a friendly atmosphere, but it was not long before Judge Thayer and he were locking horns. Hardly a day went by that Moore and the court did not get into a wrangle in the midst of which the jury would be excused. Moore's unfamiliarity with Massachusetts practice added to his troubles. His aggressiveness, his long black hair, his somewhat dark visage, his dour manner, together with his open espousal of the radicalism of the defendants, did not tend to put him on a good footing in that tight little New England town. At a lunch-table of newspaper men reporting the trial Judge Thayer declared: "I will show them that no damn long-haired anarchist from California can come to Massachusetts and run this court."

The newspaper men reporting the trial were drawn into the battle between Moore and the court. According to Frank Sibley of the Boston *Globe*, Judge Thayer spoke to a group of reporters during a recess. Sibley reports the conversation as follows: "I think," said the Judge, "that I am entitled to have printed a statement in the Boston papers to the effect that this trial is being fairly and impartially conducted."

"To this nobody replied," according to Sibley, "whereupon Judge Thayer addressed one of the reporters by name. 'What do you say?' he asked. 'Is this trial being fairly and impartially conducted?' The reporter addressed replied emphatically: 'We have never seen anything like it.'"

Sacco Tells All

In planning the defense, Moore decided to face the whole truth, radicalism and all, and trust to the ultimate fairness of the judge and jury. The prosecution seized upon that attitude and capitalized it. The personal records of Sacco and Vanzetti, their participation in strikes and radical meetings, their visit to Mexico to avoid getting into the war, their attachment to supposedly anarchistic groups, the revelations of Chief Stewart and his anarchist catechism, all were constantly kept before the jury—and the public. Sacco took the stand in his own defense. The prosecution asked him little about the murder, but plied him with a maze of questions covering his philosophy of life, why he was against war, his attitude toward America, what he thought of Harvard College. In addition Sacco was egged into making a "soap-box" speech in the course of which he avowed his atheism. Forgotten was the question whether the defendants at the bar, under the evidence strictly related to the case, were of the band of five who killed the two shoe-company employees and ran off with the payroll. In the words of the foreman of the jury, a former chief of police of Quincy: "Damn them, they ought to hang anyway."

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The case was no longer the Commonwealth *vs.* Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti; it became the Commonwealth *vs.* the Anarchists.

Out of the mass of testimony—there were more than 160 witnesses, the majority of them called by the defense—there emerged for the State five persons who definitely placed Sacco in South Braintree on April 15. They were Mary Splaine, Frances Devlin, Louis Pelser, Carlos E. Goodridge, Lola Andrews. Each was contradicted by other eye-witnesses called by the defense.

Miss Splaine, who had long been an employee of the Slater and Morrill Shoe Company, had begun her active interest in catching the criminals by charging that two employees of the shoe factory plotted the robbery and murder. Before Sacco and Vanzetti had been arrested she identified as one of the bandits the picture of Anthony Palmisano, known as Tony the Wop, who, it turned out, was in jail in Buffalo at the time. At the preliminary hearing in Quincy she refused to identify Sacco positively, but eighteen months later she swore that Sacco was one of the men she saw.

Carlos E. Goodridge, whose real name was Erastus Corning Whitney, had a criminal record in New York and had been in prison. There was a complaint against him in the local court for larceny. This complaint had been placed on file shortly before the Sacco-Vanzetti trial began. In vain the defense counsel sought to be allowed to show that the situation offered a motive which might have induced Goodridge to testify for the State.

Lola Andrews was believed by the defense to be at the mercy of the prosecution. Her testimony was contradicted by the woman who walked with her near the bandit car. Mrs. Andrews later gave the defense an affidavit which Moore used in a motion for a new trial, repudiating her testimony, but the State forced her to recant the recantation.

Captain Proctor's Testimony

After the Dedham trial Captain Proctor of the State Police, a firearms expert, who had at the outset told the State of his doubts as to Sacco and Vanzetti, gave the defense an affidavit in which he explained how he had made an "agreement" with the prosecution that he would testify that it was in his opinion "consistent" that the No. 3 bullet which killed Berardelli could be fired from the gun found on Sacco. Captain Proctor said that he warned the prosecution that he would not testify that the bullet came from Sacco's gun. The arrangement had been made to save the State's face, fool the defense and the jury, and keep Captain Proctor a government witness. To others than the defense counsel Captain Proctor, who has since died, said that the State had the wrong men.

When in 1924 Moore, broken by the case and sick at heart, stepped out, the friends of Sacco and Vanzetti pleaded with William G. Thompson to take up the battle for the two men. Mr. Thompson has been for years an outstanding figure of the bar in Massachusetts. He is chairman of the grievance committee of the Bar Association and takes the responsibilities of the legal profession seriously. Also, he is independent and takes his own stand on any issue. A member of the Union Club, moderately rich, conservative, the interests of large trusts and wealthy clients in his keeping, he is the antithesis of his humble clients in outer respects. But while expressing his emphatic and impatient disagreement with their political and economic views, he has displayed a certain sympathy with the idealism which has been the mainspring of their activities, and the charge of payroll robbery and murder he regards as a question of elementary justice.

The true story behind the Sacco-Vanzetti case may be contained in the files of the Department of Justice and in the knowledge of certain men there at the time of the Palmer Red raids. According to the affidavit of one Weyand, a former Department of Justice agent, at one time the department had ten under-cover men working on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. What were they doing? Were they helping to get them convicted to cover up the Salsedo case; to "get somebody" for the Wall Street bomb explosion of September, 1920; or were they trying to "get" them as anarchists anyway? Some of these under-cover men were on the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, collecting money, some of which they put in their own pockets.

Some two months ago the Department of Justice was requested to open its record files in the Sacco-Vanzetti case and to direct employees who might have knowledge of it to tell frankly what they knew. Mr. Thompson finally appealed to Senator Butler, who in turn urged Attorney-General Sargent to grant the request. Mr. Sargent was understood to have agreed to do so and to have taken it up with the Boston office, but nothing came of it. Most unfortunately the request, made in writing, is still slumbering in the files of the Department of Justice at Washington. A remnant of Palmer and his gang is still in the department. Who is sitting on the lid?

Paving the Way

By ARTHUR WARNER

IF Sacco and Vanzetti are innocent workingmen, how does it happen that before their conviction for the murer at South Braintree Vanzetti had been found guilty of an attempted robbery at Bridgewater? With any one man there may be a single miscarriage of justice, but there can hardly be two.

This, in substance, is a doubt often voiced among those who have interested themselves in the case of the two Italians, even on the part of those to whom the whole course of the murder trial appears as a farce and a frame-up. It is a natural doubt, growing out of the fact that the first conviction of Vanzetti has received no adequate attention on the part of his friends and defenders, who have been preoccupied with the subsequent trial for murder. Even Fred H. Moore, when he took up the murder case at the instance of a defense committee, failed to move for a new trial for Vanzetti on the Bridgewater charges within the one-year limit prescribed by law, thus making it impossible to reopen the case.

No, a miscarriage of justice is not likely to happen twice to the same man if it be in different parts of the country, on different charges, and at different times. But it is more than likely to happen in any one neighborhood and at a given time, especially when that time is one of hysteria and there is a widespread community desire to get rid of a particular man or group of men. Vanzetti's trial at Plymouth was not, in fact, a separate one from the subsequent proceedings against him and Sacco at Dedham. It was a prelude to it, and it will take much more explaining than has so far been forthcoming from the

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judicial machinery of the Norfolk-Plymouth district of Massachusetts to clear itself of the definite charge now made by Vanzetti and his counsel that his trial at Plymouth was a deliberate attempt to injure him and Sacco in the murder case then pending. Let it be recalled that Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested in May, 1920, for a payroll robbery and murder at South Braintree. Between then and their trial in the summer of 1921 Vanzetti was accused, tried, and convicted of an attempted payroll robbery which had taken place in December, 1919, in Bridgewater. The New York *World* pointed out in its recent series of articles on the Sacco-Vanzetti case that it is contrary to judicial procedure in Massachusetts and elsewhere to try a man for a lesser offense when capital charges are pending against him. It is also to be recalled that the judge and the prosecuting attorney were the same men who later acted those roles in the murder trial at Dedham. Without question the police would have tried to pin the Bridgewater crime on Sacco also but for the fact that he was able to show that he had been at work at the time.

A few days after the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti some friends of the latter visited him one night. With them came John H. Vahey, a lawyer. A Brockton attorney had already been retained, but Vanzetti was induced to make a change and was represented by Mr. Vahey and James H. Graham in his trial on charges of having taken part in the attempted holdup in Bridgewater. The latter crime, it should be remembered, took place more than four months previous to the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti. The police had not been able to bring anybody to trial for it, but the arrest of the two Italians for a similar offense naturally suggested the possibility of making good by fastening the earlier crime upon one or both of them. Vanzetti wanted to take the stand in his own defense, but was not allowed to do so by his counsel. A foreman of the Plymouth Cordage Company was permitted to serve on the jury, although a few years previous Vanzetti had been the leader of a strike against the firm. He was the only striker, he has said, whom the company refused to reinstate.

Vanzetti's defense was an alibi supported by a score of Italian witnesses who said they had bought eels from him on the day of the crime, Christmas eve, 1919. Conviction was based primarily upon the word of four persons who claimed to identify him as taking part in the attempted robbery in Bridgewater. The paymaster involved did not make a positive identification. He left the employ of the company soon after and the opinion has been expressed among his fellows that his going had something to do with his failure to be more certain. Mrs. Georgina F. Brooks, identifying Vanzetti, said that she saw a man at the wheel of an automobile who looked severely at her. A few minutes later she was at the railroad station, some 200 yards away, and she heard shots. She claimed to have seen the firing. She could not have done so. There are houses in the way. But this impossibility was not explained to the jury. The identification of Vanzetti as the man at the wheel of the automobile was further upset by the prosecuting attorney's later admission that the prisoner did not know how to drive a car.

Maynard Freeman Shaw, fourteen years old, said in describing the criminal whom he identified as Vanzetti: "I knew he was a foreigner because he ran like a foreigner." On cross-examination the following colloquy took place between Vanzetti's counsel and young Shaw:

Q. You could tell he was a foreigner by the way he ran? A. Yes.

Q. What sort of a fellow was he? A. Nation?

Q. Yes. A. He was a European.

Q. What? A. Italy or Russia.

Q. Which was it, Italy or Russia? A. There I can't say exactly.

Q. Does an Italian or a Russian run differently from a Swede or a Norweigian? A. Yes.

Q. What is the difference? A. Unsteady.

Q. Both the Italians and Russians run unsteadily? A. As far as that goes, I don't know.

Q. Don't know how a Swede runs, do you? A. No.

Q. Does a Swede run cross-legged? A. No.

Q. You don't want to have this jury think, do you, that you can tell what the nationality of this man was by the way he ran? Do you want them to believe that? A. Yes, I do.

Q. Now, what nationality did he belong to? A. I believe the first thing that came into my mind was that he was an Italian or a Russian. I would not say; he might be a Mexican for what I know. I would not say he was an Alaskan or an African.

Q. You eliminate the African? A. Yes.

Q. He was either a Russian or an Italian or a Greek or a Brazilian or Mexican, either one of these? A. Yes.

Q. Or a Jap? A. Might be.

Q. Would you say that he might be a Jap? A. No.

Q. You would not say that he was a Jap or a Chinaman or an African—these three are eliminated absolutely, are they? A. Yes; nor an American.

Q. I think four now are eliminated. He might be a member of any other nationality on the face of the globe? A. Yes.

Q. You only got a fleeting glance at him? A. Yes.

Q. You were 150 feet from him all the time? A. I came a little nearer to get behind a tree; about five feet nearer.

The Red Raids

By ROBERT W. DUNN

A. MITCHELL PALMER—perhaps you have forgotten the name. This man was Attorney-General of the United States under Woodrow Wilson. He was also aspirant for the Democratic nomination for President in 1920. He was smoother, handsomer, but essentially the same type of man as Harry M. Daugherty. Perhaps you have forgotten what Mr. Palmer did to American constitutional liberties. Then consult the "Report Upon the Illegal Practices of the United States Department of Justice" issued by twelve distinguished lawyers in May, 1920. It says of Mr. Palmer:

> Wholesale arrests both of aliens and citizens have been made without warrant or any process of law; men and women have been jailed and held incomunicado without access of friends or counsel; homes have been entered without search-warrant and property seized and removed; other property has been wantonly destroyed; workingmen and workingwomen suspected of radical views have been shamefully abused and mistreated.

More than that. The report accuses Mr. Palmer of planting agents provocateur in workingmen's organizations to facilitate his wholesale and merciless raids and arrests. He also flooded the nation with lying propaganda against radicals for the purpose of justifying his illegal acts and inflaming public opinion. He intimidated, terrorized,

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finger-printed, persecuted. His agents resorted to torture, brutality, and third degree in their campaign of illegal violence. Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor from 1913 to 1921, describes all this in his book "The Deportations Delirium of 1920."

It was Mr. Palmer who carried out the illegal raids of 1919 and 1920 described in Mr. Post's book. In the January, 1920, raids Mr. Palmer arrested more than 3,000 citizens and aliens for the purpose of catching a few aliens guilty of membership in working-class organizations holding radical views. And it may be recalled to the reader of short memory that in all these nationwide raids on alleged "dangerous reds" Mr. Palmer's men found a number of stage guns used for amateur theatricals and the famous four iron balls which were placed in a pail of water and were never heard of again after their publicity value as "suspected bombs" had been adequately exploited.

In extenuation of Mr. Palmer, the "fighting Quaker," it is said that he was actually seized with a delirium of Red-baiting. In fact, he was worked into such a frenzy by radical spooks that he rushed to Congress for funds, exclaiming:

> We have received so many notices and gotten so much information that it has almost come to be accepted as a fact that on a certain day in the future, which we have been advised of, there will be a . . . revolution, a proposition to rise up and destroy the Government, at one fell swoop.

The good sentinels of the American Defense Society and the National Security League echoed his shriek of revolution. The money was voted by Congress, nearly $3,000,000 of it in one year. But it was appropriated only for the "detection and prosecution of crimes against the United States." This did *not* include the terrorization and deportation of aliens, a function reserved to the Department of Labor. Yet it was for this very purpose that Mr. Palmer expended the taxpayers' money.

In cooperation with him and his adjunct William J. Flynn, Chief of the Division of Information of the Department of Justice, worked a number of industrial detective agencies as well as some heads of the employment, "welfare," and secret-service departments of such corporations as the American Woolen Company and the United States Steel Corporation. Palmer's agents assisted these open-shop concerns in arresting coal, steel, and textile strikers in 1919. They in turn placed their own undercover agents at his disposal in his "head-hunting jamboree" of 1919 and 1920.

Many of these private industrial spies were placed on the Palmer payroll as special agents. Some, like the undercover men of the Sherman Service—America's leading labor-spy corporation—had been exempted from the draft during the war and continued to perform favors for the Government thereafter. In fact, Sherman had a working agreement with the Department of Justice in the New England district and boasted in his sales literature of his role in the anti-Red campaign. In several instances "emissaries" of this service staged secret raids on radical headquarters and turned over the documentary booty to the Department of Justice. In the textile and shoe towns of New England, where Palmer conducted some of his illegal raids, these private spies were particularly active. They assisted Mr. Palmer to build up his card catalogue of 200,000 "agitators" and "ultra-radicals." The distinguished Attorney-General referred to them as "moral rats."

This background of unbridled Red hysteria stirred up by the Attorney-General and the labor spy agencies must be fully appreciated by those who would understand the Sacco and Vanzetti case. For what were these two men doing at the time of their arrest? They were, on the advice of counsel, engaged in hiding harmless anarchist tracts which, in the eyes of Mr. Palmer, were seditious. They were also arranging for a protest meeting against the mysterious murder of Andrea Salsedo, a friend and fellow countryman.

Who was Salsedo? One of the aliens picked up unlawfully by Department of Justice agents in New York City. If subject to deportation, he should have been arrested by an immigration official of the Department of Labor. Instead he was taken into custody by the Department of Justice and held without even the knowledge of the Department of Labor. He was given no hearing or examination, such as the law requires, before an immigration official. He was subjected to the third degree by agents then connected with the Department of Justice in New York.

After being held incomunicado for two months—a common procedure in those days—Salsedo's body fell from the fourteenth-story window of the Department of Justice office in Park Row on the morning of May 3, 1920. To this day his friends know nothing of the physical and mental torture which led to this homicide, except what was contained in a deposition by a fellow prisoner, Robert Elia, who asserted that Salsedo had been tortured to the verge of insanity in an effort to extract "confessions."

Immediately after the death of Salsedo Elia was rushed to Ellis Island and placed in the custody of Department of Labor officials, where he and Salsedo should have been lodged upon their arrest. The Department of Justice then demanded his speedy deportation and refused to cooperate with State officials in prosecuting him for the alleged offense for which he had been arrested. Such a trial would have permitted his story of the Salsedo affair to reach the public. He was immediately deported and has since died in Italy.

Vanzetti had been in touch with Salsedo and upon receiving news of his death prepared a handbill for a meeting at which he himself was to speak in Brockton on May 9 to protest against the murder of Salsedo. The copy for this announcement was found on Sacco when he and Vanzetti were arrested. The contents were certainly communicated to the Boston agent of the Department of Justice. Which leads to this question: Were Sacco and Vanzetti held as suspects and charged with the South Braintree payroll murders in order to help cover up the Salsedo affair? It must be remembered that on that date the Department of Justice was already on the defensive in certain quarters and that United States Circuit Judge George W. Anderson had already condemned it unsparingly in the hearing on habeas corpus held for some of the deportees in Boston. He had said: "A mob is a mob whether made up of Government officials acting under instructions from the Department of Justice or of criminals and loafers of the vicious classes."

The Department of Justice obviously wanted to hush up the Salsedo affair. Sacco and Vanzetti, on their way to arrange a public meeting to protest the murder of Salsedo, were certainly not the sort of persons A. Mitchell Palmer desired to see out of prison in May, 1920.

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The Emotional Nature of the Chinese

By PEARL S. BUCK

ONE of the most difficult adjustments the people of the Western nations have ever had to face is the adjustment to the new Chinese. He is freed at last from his inherited inhibitions and is showing himself for the emotional being he is, with, of course, a certain temporary addition of war psychology.

The citizens of the West have for a long time taken the Chinese as a matter of course. To most of them in imagination he is still the impassive, unemotional, yellow Oriental, with a stealthy step, an impenetrable face, and a swinging queue. The queue has long been obsolete. The impassivity is now gone. So is the unemotionalism. We shall have to throw away this old picture; relegate it to the attics of history. Certainly it has no reality in the present.

Of course, to the person really acquainted with the Chinese, old and new, this unemotionalism has always been a myth. They are and have always been one of the most emotional races in the world. That is why now, when the old repressive bonds of their civilization, welded by Confucius thousands of years ago, are breaking apart, we see this natural capacity for emotion exhibiting itself, and it is frightening in its intensity.

The present attitude of the young Chinese toward their country, for instance, is often emotion amounting to frenzy. There is in it the hysteria and religious devotion of a self-martyr. They are capable, many of these young persons, of letting their own blood as a wild sacrifice to the only god they worship—love of country. Patriotism, so-called, has laid hold of the imaginations and emotions of some of the younger students to such an extent that they are wholly unable to use their reasoning powers. What constitutes patriotism, in what way their country can best be served in reality, these things are impossible to dwell upon now in China. Youth demands an instant outlet for its exaltation. Suffering is welcomed, even courted; the weight of emotional energy must be discharged.

I do not intend to discuss the proper and natural reaction of the Chinese to the treatment they have received from the West. Personally, I am wholly on their side. They have the right of it, in the main, beyond discussion. What I am interested in is the emergence of the real Chinese, at last, out of the trappings which their civilization has placed upon them for so long; the real Chinese, whom so few have ever seen. Yet they have been there all these centuries, sensitive, restrained, ardent, and romantic beyond the imagination of the prosaic Westerner.

For the men and women of the West have certainly an exceedingly cold emotional life in comparison to these men and women in China. The Western people are colder by nature, and with the passing of youth the brief bright moment is gone. In the Chinese emotion is potent their whole life long. Moreover, for centuries the Western peoples, and by these I mean primarily those of the white race, have had normal outlets for their emotions; there has been no system of ethics, no book of manners, detailed, rigid, and inflexible, bearing down against the individual, forbidding all original expression. This has tended to allow any surplus of emotionalism to be carried off naturally.

But in the history of China we have had a condition wholly contrary; we have a people far more emotional than the Westerner by nature, a people naturally richer in appreciation of the emotional aspects of life, a people of high intensity to whom all or nearly all possibility of emotional expression has been denied for centuries. They have been dammed up, and now the dam is broken and the flood is alarming. It may take centuries for this to subside to anything like normal.

I am well aware that in maintaining such a thesis as this I am contradicting to their faces many "old Chinese hands," who contemptuously expect to see the present excitement quiet down again and impassivity and apparent apathy return. One may as well expect to see the queues come back. For the barriers, builded by ages as they were, were nevertheless artificial. What the West has to make up its mind to is that this Chinese we have now is the real Chinese, and he is the Chinese the world is going to have in the future.

One might, of course, give any amount of evidence that the Chinese is by nature an emotional person. Take, for instance, the ancient and not infrequent custom of killing oneself after an insult, preferably on the doorstep of the individual by whom one has been insulted. Several explanations of this have been made; among others, the superstition that the ghost would haunt the enemy, that the Chinese do not value human life and die easily, that there is little sense of individualism, and so on. There is, undoubtedly, some truth in all of these. But the essence of the thing is that when one is a Chinese gentleman and has been insulted tradition denies the possibility of revenge by laying hold of the offender, and so, like a child rending its own clothes and biting its own flesh in futile anger, emotion turns upon the man himself.

And anger in the Chinese has a wildness of which the people of the West know little. I have seen an angry American; I have seen him curse and snort and swear. I have never seen him capable of the pitiless, inhuman madness of the Chinese, whose anger seizes him and makes him as helpless as a branch tossed in the wind—unless he is a gentleman, and then you may see it all in his eyes for one terrible moment; then his lids are dropped and his hands shake a little, his voice comes with controlled softness and he bows. He bides his time and he never forgets.

Only, it is becoming the fashion not to drop lids over angry eyes, not to restrain clenched hands, and not to bow where friendship is not meant. All the years of enforced restraint are behind that anger now.

I have heard an angry woman on a Chinese street scream out her fury from dawn till dark, until her face is the face of an insane person and her voice is utterly gone. They have an affection of the throat, a constriction of the muscles, which they call "the anger disease," and it comes from nothing but unbridled rage. True, it is nearly always found in the lower classes. Until now, the upper classes have restrained themselves according to custom.

For many years I have taught young men and women in China. I have seen young people in other countries; I have seen them in love and they have it badly enough, some of them. But I watch my Chinese boys and girls with twice

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the anxiety. I have seen a boy sicken and die of love for a girl he had seen but once and whose name he never knew; I have known boys and girls to commit suicide because of despair over some matrimonial arrangement. They commit suicide with the most horrifying ease.

One may see this terrifying capacity for feeling in the Chinese love poetry, a feeling which has with it too often an edge of despair. The emphasis is all the more marked in that it is put into delicate, restrained words almost devoid of physical allusions, yet breathing a power as final as death itself.

The Chinese have until now been a people possessed by quietism. An imposed fatalistic turn of mind, inevitable from their religions and philosophy, has rendered them seemingly impassive, and even indifferent. Now, with the breakdown of the old forms of Buddhism and the reassertion of nationalism, always latent, fatalism is fast disappearing and they are beginning to form a determination to wrest their fate from the hands of heaven and mold it nearer to their heart's desire. It is, undoubtedly, true that the present situation aggravates their high emotional state. This crisis of fever and madness must wear away to some extent.

But there will remain a person new to many of us, a person who will be exceedingly easily hurt (as he has always been in reality), a person whose sword will now fly from its scabbard at the slightest breath of insult where before it remained sheathed, not in cowardice or from insensitivity but from the restraint of dignity. It will take a good many years of sincere friendliness and honest, disinterested treatment on the part of other nations to convince him that the world is not waiting to devour him.

At such a time as this, then, when the pent-up emotionalism of centuries has been released, it is absurd that we should demand an ability to judge any situation impartially. It is not in the power of the Chinese, certainly not of the young Chinese—and he is in the ascendancy in China just now—to see any side but his own. It is inevitable and a wholly natural result of his state of mind. Judicial investigations only increase his indignation. He is profoundly skeptical of conferences. Any appeals or demands to reform himself first and talk about foreign aggression afterward simply infuriate him further.

Many younger Chinese apparently believe that if China were a sovereign nation with all her rights restored, she would automatically become strong, quiet, and prosperous. The source of all evils, from foot-binding and concubines to cigarette-smoking and the movies, is to be found in the unequal treaties. Nothing will change this conviction short of giving up the unequal treaties and letting the truth show itself.

And in the long run it will be worth it to everyone. Aside from the moral question involved, which makes it the only honorable thing for the Western nations to return to China what has been all too often unlawfully seized, the fact remains that it is really the only solution to the situation now in China. Until China has no excuse to turn her attention to anyone except herself, until she has no one except herself to blame for her condition, this emotionalism now rampant will not cease to express itself in chauvinism and in an actual willingness to shed blood. Once the immediate cause of irritation can be removed, there is hope that this intensity of nature, common to the Chinese people, may turn upon itself and really force some sort of order out of chaos.

The Lost Art of Profanity

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

SOME writers in the metropolitan press have been lamenting the decline of profanity, the passing of old-time brimstone language, of Trojan and trooper talk. Nobody has a profane vocabulary any more, there is no variety in oaths, nothing unique, no artistry, no sparkle. Everybody uses the same words in swearing.

This indisputable fact is of course chargeable to the universal trend toward standardization in the United States. We are victims of the machine. We have become a nation of copy-cats, with the same commonplace newspapers everywhere, the same movies, the same parroted phrases issuing from every throat. Chains of drug stores, groceries, filling stations, waffle parlors, lunchrooms, beauty dens. Cities all alike. Originality faces starvation. Artists get no encouragement. Emotion is at a low ebb. Passion is gone from us.

Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson in their play "What Price Glory?" exemplify the appalling standardization of profanity in this republic. Most of the actors play the role of marines in the late war. In every scene, amid tense battle action and during lulls in the fighting, there is a plethora of swearing and there are interpolations of obscenity. But the dingy speech lacks variety, as the speech of marines lacks it in everyday life. Over and over the actors use the same oaths; they take a handful of profane idioms and beat them to the thinness of a blanket in a junction-town hotel. It is dull reality; to have lent imagination to the profanity in "What Price Glory?", to have made it anywhere unique would have belied the truth.

The impotency of our modern epithet-makers was brought to our doorstep by the vain effort to make popular the coined word "scofflaw" to denote one who tramples heedlessly upon the Volstead Act. Try uttering "scofflaw" aloud. How much force can you put into it? How far can you throw it? It is akin to a ball of cotton thrown at an infant's head; its component letters are too soft, too yielding; they can hurt no one.

Memories of the old days have the mantle of illusion about them. The difference between the profanity of earlier times and that now prevailing was quite as much one of emotional values as of vocabulary. Men gave freer vent to their feelings then. True, there were individuals who found diversion in building up a great repertoire of swear-words, who delighted in the admiration of listeners. They livened the mining towns, the railroad camps, the cattle ranches. There were more of such men to the 100,000 population than now, but even then they stood out as a small minority.

I remember a man of unassuming appearance named Marryat, who captained a double span of white mules which pulled the State boat, a repair barge, up and down the length of the Illinois and Michigan canal. We kids would watch him when he was starting from our town with a boat heavily loaded with dredged mud. He was a marvel to listen to. There was a whip in his hand, but he rarely utilized it. He didn't need to, for he had a voice and unfailing vocal energy. His store of unprintable words was not large, but he constantly varied his combinations, and he put tonal force into them. An oath would strike just behind the ears

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of the forward off mule like the crack of a lash; another would fall upon a near kicker with the thud of a club. Marryat got work out of those beasts. But one day, while trying to recover a lost clay pipe, he fell between a dredge and the canal bank and was crushed to death. We were saddened. The town was lonesome without him.

When I was thirteen I worked in a newspaper office for the most impressive cusser I have ever met. For sheer originality I have never heard of his equal. His name was Absalom Bixby. He had a penchant for eating fried cakes dipped in mustard at midnight, and he weighed ninety-two pounds with his clothes on, but there was a tradition among the older members of the staff that when Bixby got mad he had a habit of throwing monkey-wrenches and hatchets at those who offended him. They pointed to a jagged slit in a door panel, obviously made by a hatchet blade, and a deep dent in the base of the Gordon press where the sharp corner of a big wrench had dug in.

But Bixby had such a command of profanity that he had no need of assaulting anybody with iron weapons. I discovered this on the day when I locked up a type-form too tightly and broke a Gordon chase. Absalom happened to be at my elbow. Instantly he began excoriating me. His words came like a rain of metal—of lead slugs, brass rules, bolts, nuts, steel bars. They smoked and emitted odors—like gunpowder that has been shot off before. It took him ten minutes to run down and during this angry fusillade he uttered scarcely a word that was in the dictionary or that was used in the speech of ordinary folk. His words were of no known language; he had invented them for his own devices. But there was no misunderstanding their meaning.

Twice afterward I ignited Bixby's ire—when I blew up the stove with gasoline and when I amused myself by singing while inking the Ideal press when the weekly edition of the *Bumble Bee* was being run off. Each occasion produced a host of new exotic words. The room shook with the roar. Once a picture of Queen Victoria fell from the wall. Bixby turned and glared at the interruption, but kept up his assault. To these onslaughts I could offer no defense. It would have been like trying to push a tornado out of a window after it had come into one's house.

Those who fear that epithet-making as an art will completely die out in this country can find some reason for hope in the intelligent efforts of one playwright to keep it alive. I refer to Eugene O'Neill. In the stokehold scene in "The Hairy Ape" he gives an excellent portrayal of black-gang speech on a steamship. Using words and phrases that in most communities are not yet under any legal ban, O'Neill brought together a powerfully convincing composite of sordid speech, of talk that is sodden and begrimed. In Philadelphia this language was too much for the sensibilities of the police, who compelled the producers to eliminate many of the most vivid effects in the play. Even the word "hell" was barred. In Detroit, too, much of the dialogue in "The Hairy Ape" had to be toned down.

Carl Sandburg often achieves the effect of profanity in his poems without being technically profane. Consciously or not, he does it by the steady, skilful massing of crash-words, words that contain elements of harshness—acridity, iron, grime, rust, stench, impact. In his lines To a Contemporary Bunkshooter he answers Billy Sunday with as much force as Sunday ever generated in all his tabernacle acrobatics and hysteria. Contempt for the furniture-breaking evangelist gushes out like a stream from a hydraulic washer in a gold mine. When that poem appeared in the old *Masses* the postal authorities held up the magazine for two days before they could determine that Sandburg's poem violated no law.

One commentator wonders what contribution women eventually will make to profanity. There is little to hope from them in this field. Women—sober women—who essay to swear are self-conscious about it; they handle their words gingerly. Years ago, when Chicago was a wide-open town, I did hear women swear in such manner that no one could deny their art. Drunken women. One doesn't see quite the same kind anywhere now; the tribe has gone the way of the Indian and the buffalo.

Particularly do I remember one woman to whom I listened at a First Ward Ball, a gigantic social event in the demi-world, which dyed one night of each year a deep red. That gathering was staged in the Coliseum, a hall with a capacity of 11,000 persons if all were sitting down. This woman had been a beauty, and her clothes were all new and costly; plumes adorned her, as they adorn a fire-horse at an annual tournament. But there were heavy lines under her eyes. Her feelings had been injured, her social status ignored—so she explained to all who might hear.

Her specific grievance was that a particular alderman had failed to invite her to sit in his box. Ten or twelve other women were within its confines, drinking at the alderman's expense. And she had been left out. She held on to the railing of another box near by and explained the alleged treason in meticulous detail. Brannigan had explicitly promised to send her an invitation. He hadn't done it, and he was a no-good. She told the crowd what her own name was—a fancy one. Pansy Ethel Woodward will approximate it. Curses poured from her lips in a torrent. Alderman Brannigan's family were upstarts, rent-dodgers, meat-stealers, fly-by-nights. He was a snake-in-the-grass, an alley dog, a robber of blind beggars and crippled orphans, a gutter-bird.

Pansy's speech was heard by a thousand dancers and drinkers, by all who could press near, and by the alderman himself, who gave a high-sign to two policemen. The "cops" fought their way through the reluctant listeners, who had no desire to see Pansy silenced. And Pansy was not silenced. Long after the "cops" laid hold of her she kept up her tirade. They had to drag her out of the hall, and they were scratched and bitten in the process. Pansy was the best part of the show.

In those years I knew another woman who was a wonder with profane talk. A sober woman withal. She was advance agent for a road show, and used to come into the newspaper offices in the cities, sit on a desk with her plump legs swinging beneath, and tell stories of the mud-lots to the reporters. Born in a circus tent, she had been on the road all her life, living in a rough world, a world of give-and-take. She had a husky voice and had no consciousness of femininity, and she was universally liked.

I remember one story she told about a Minnesota judge who was trying a man accused of stealing a grandfather's clock, about a mysterious package the judge found on his doorstep in the night, and what he said when he opened it in his library. It was an anecdote rife with suspense, and the quoted language of the judge had all the warmth of a

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blast furnace and all the vivacity of a wild horse which is being shod by an absent-minded blacksmith. The fact that the judge was a prominent member of a moral secret society known as the Guardians of Purity lent contrast to the tale. After he had opened the mysterious package he went down into the cellar, got an ax, and smashed a grand piano into flinders. She made us see the judge during every moment of the incident which so embarrassed and enraged him. The tale might have come out of the "Decameron"; yet the teller spoke without the slightest self-consciousness.

That woman, as a raconteur of racy episodes, is no more. Several years later a train wreck smashed up the road-show, killing and injuring many of the performers. She was on that train and was badly hurt. In a hospital close to death, she got religion. And all of the dark-night words and stories she had picked up from association with klems and snares and menagerie men, from living in cheap hotels, from the race-track crowd in New Orleans, where she had spent her winters, were blotted from her repertory. After her recovery from the accident she quit the road and went to Missouri with a sister to engage in mushroom-growing.

There was a man once in Peoria who was a master cusser. He drew wages as an express agent, but tuned zithers and repaired alarm clocks on the side. He was called into court as a co-defendant in a suit over some lost gold-plated jewelry.

"Do you swear——?" the court clerk asked him.

"Do I swear?" the express agent roared. "Do I swear? You bet your lying, thieving father's life I do—upside down, sideways, backwards, crosswise, day and night, Sundays and holidays. You listen to me, Bo! I'll show you some swearing. . . ." And then he proceeded to smoke and sizzle and scorch the atmosphere for several consecutive minutes.

In the Driftway

IT must have been the wraith of a scent he caught the other day of one of the sun-burned slopes of Central Park in New York City that whipped the Drifter's thoughts a thousand miles and several years westward, where as passionate a sun was distilling homely essences over the wide, pale-gold spaces of a threshing ring's activities. Even without the Drifter's sagacious discerning organ, you could not have missed the sweet hot perfume of those oats shocks. The harvest sun extracted it forcibly and the effulgence rolled over, broke round, and smothered you like surf. There was no wind. The sky was an unfeeling blue, filmed over with that white haze that means rain before the change in the moon. The men worked swiftly, without a word, and until the fretful snort of the rapacious harvester began there was only Keats's "noiseless noise."

* * * * *

THE sweating horses had a teeming, friendly smell. They flicked their tails, pointed their ears, and rubbed their noses on each other's streaming flanks in the most successful attempt the Drifter has ever seen of achieving philosophical equanimity. He achieved but little that day in waiting for the shadows to shorten and the bell to clang forth over the wash basin on the warped hickory bench outside the kitchen door. He loses it completely in the recollection. For he had caught an emanation from that same kitchen door, and by its potency saw whole hams, clove-stuck and sugar-rubbed, simmering rosily in their milk bath! Divine odor! Most ineffable of smells! Led on by it, he saw in anticipation—can see today—that profligate board surrounded by the cheerfully perspiring "ring," their hair slicked down with rain water above faces burnt beet-red.

* * * * *

THE Drifter smells the drying leaves of the branches the women folk waved slowly over the table, shooing away the crazed flies with one hand, with the other passing and repassing the aroma-giving dishes. Great platters of young frys with their richly browned crusts, old hen with steaming schooners of dumplings and gravy and saffron noodles. Sweet corn piled high like cordwood. Long, juicy pole beans, flavored with a hunk of bacon, and a mild crisp Bermuda waiting to be chopped into them. No fol-de-rol salads, but sliced, bleeding-red tomatoes, eaten with pepper and salt; cold slaw that crunched between the molars; snowdrifts of cottage cheese. And the spreads. The Drifter met a cosmopolitan lady once who did not know what a spread was. He wishes she had seen that table—peach butter, plum butter, apple sauce tanged with nutmeg, quivering cranberry jelly, wild grape jelly, blackberry jam, apple jelly into which a rose geranium leaf had been dropped. And the pies, with cream the color of old ivory to pour over them. The cakes with their perilous layers. . . . The Drifter could distinguish each of them with his eyes shut, though he would not know Coty's L'Origan from Caron's Narcisse Noir.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Professor Sam, Militarist"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have personal knowledge that the United States Government is not trying to "Balkanize South America" by "callously drifting into military arrangements which destroy our claim of impartiality." Your statement that "we are helping Brazil, but not her greatest potential enemy, Argentina," is based on misinformation. For almost two years I was connected with Argentine-American naval relations as secretary to the Naval Attaché to the Argentine Embassy in Washington, Commander R. A. Vago. During this period the United States Navy Department actively cooperated with us and with the Argentine Naval Commission in New York in the work of modernization of Argentina's two largest battleships, the Rivadavia and the Moreno, at an expenditure of $10,000,000. This assistance, it is true, was not rendered on Argentine soil, but only for the very practical reason that the ships in question were originally built in this country and were therefore sent back to the docks of the Fore River Shipbuilding Company at Quincy, Massachusetts, in the thought that greater facilities for the work were available there.

I have toiled for countless hours over the translation of the requests for information and advice transmitted to us for presentation to the United States Navy Department by the Argentine Ministry of Marine. Rear Admiral Henry H. Hough, then Chief of the Naval Intelligence Division, was ever quick to respond and eager to suggest, at the instance of his technical divisions, the latest improvements in the science of naval warfare for adoption on the Argentine ships. In addition to this, Argentine naval students were granted entry into the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and data were furnished for the improvement of Argentine naval aviation.

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Why should we not supply the desired and formally requested instruction personnel to the Brazilian and Peruvian navies and technical assistance to the Argentines? Should we rather permit our European competitors for Latin-American markets to establish the bonds of good feeling that are thus created? Nations are nothing more than trading companies which must establish mutually satisfactory relations with each other in order to buy and sell without begrudging reluctance or bitterness. The American naval policy toward South America—which no more discriminates than does a merchant as between customers of any sort who have the money to pay—is thus a brilliant stroke of commercial good sense. We should not think for a moment of relenting our activities in the growing markets to the south, toward which all but the prejudiced know that we have only frankly commercial and not imperialistic designs. We do not desire to disrupt and conquer easily, as is alleged, but rather to unite and sell easily.

Washington, D. C., September 4 IRVING GORDON

That Armistice Pledge

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it true that when Germany accepted the terms of the armistice—making herself defenseless—it was conditioned on the promise of President Wilson and our allies that she should have a peace based on the well-known Fourteen Points?

As I have never seen this denied, I have so far believed it to be true. Whenever Armistice Day comes around and the people celebrate I do not take part, for shame that a promise made by our President in behalf of the nation stands unfulfilled.

If we can say for our justification only that the President under the Constitution had no right to make any promises, it does not relieve us of the moral obligation to make good the President's word, or to make an effort to this effect.

There is a movement started to make Armistice Day a legal holiday. The point mentioned should be cleared up.

Redlands, Cal., August 28 MAX HENTSCHKE

[In the pre-armistice negotiations President Wilson informed the German Government that the Allies were willing "to make peace with the Government of Germany on the terms of peace laid down in the President's address to Congress of January, 1918 [the 'Fourteen Points'], and the principles enunciated in his subsequent addresses," with reservations only as concerned interpretation of the phrases "freedom of the seas" and "restoration" of invaded territories.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Garvey Gospel

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I take this time to thank you for your article for our beloved leader, Marcus Garvey. Not being a Negro, you don't just quite understand our aims. This letter I hope will help you. Garvey taught us six great truths, and it is on these principles our race will stand or fall. First, this is not our country and we are not to remain here and become a part of this nation. Numbers alone will crowd us out in time. Second, we have no constitutional rights. Having been unable to force them in the Constitution—they were put there as a free gift to be withdrawn at will—we have no power to compel their enforcement. Third, politics, religion, and education cannot solve the Negro problem; nothing but a government owned by Negroes will solve it. Fourth, begging and pleading will not get for us what other races have had to use force to obtain. Fifth, Africa is the natural home of black men and will remain so when these countries where white men live become too crowded. It is our duty to carry our education to the native African, teach him the ways of civilization as we know it, and become great men of the world in and among our own people. Sixth, Africa can be redeemed. The alien races will give back Africa as soon as they know all the four hundred million Negroes want it. With the help of the true white men of this country who want to preserve their race in purity we will be able to get a colony in Africa and show the world we are capable of maintaining a government of civilization. These are the ideals that Garvey's followers look to for salvation and, whether Garvey be alive or dead, we will follow them to victory or eternal defeat.

St. Louis, August 8 J. R. DITTO

A Venezuelan Speaks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the name of the martyred and silenced people of Venezuela our organization begs you to give space in your periodical for their complaints, that we may thus secure the attention of America, that all humankind may hear it, that magnanimous souls may be moved to come to the help of those who have the undeniable duty and the most decided purpose to break a way toward the light through the jungle of social venality.

Human dignity, a well-conceived Americanism, and the most elemental principles of solidarity constrain every country not to regard with continued indifference the vandalic capers of Juan Vicente Gomez, applauded as they are by a cohort of hired journalists who in no way reflect popular sentiment, because they confound the issues and renounce all dignity for the sake of the despot's favor.

By consent of the National Congress it had been resolved that Juan Vicente Gomez might purchase for the sum of seventeen million bolivars the estates known as "Hatos de El Caura," consisting of more than one hundred square leagues along the Orinoco.

These Gomez acquired for the ridiculous sum of three hundred thousand bolivars; he contrived to plunder Venezuela with his customary procedure, and suggested the scheme to his henchmen in Congress. It was accepted without objection, with the enthusiastic approbation of persons who, through fear or effrontery, sanctioned and continue to sanction the monstrosities of this man who has given free entrance, without precautions and to their huge advantage, to the dangerous magnates of imperialist countries.

Thus he has seized upon whatever the country produces, monopolizing the cattle industry and its derivatives, the mills, navigation, the manufacture of Roman cement, the exploitation of minerals, woods, pearls, cigarettes, transport, etc.—all this to such a degree that a newspaper in San Jose, Costa Rica, edited by Venezuelan exiles, enumerating the number, extent, and other particulars of the properties acquired by Gomez during his dismal predominance, establishes a total of much more than a thousand million bolivars! And yet when he first came into power he was a man of very modest fortune.

We make Pan-Americanism effective by attacking in its very lair all such systematic brigandage. We do not hesitate.

Brooklyn, August 19 MARTIN FEINSTEIN,
English Secretary, the Venezuelan Labor Union

Omitted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why, in your article Next Winter in the Theater, did you keep secret the plans of the Lenox Hill Players?

Hard on the heels of Mr. Walter Hampden and Mr. Basil Sidney, there is in preparation a no-star production of "Hamlet." Also we will give Frank Wedekind's "Earth Spirit," Nikolai Gogol's "The Inspector General," and St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson."

New York, August 3 MITCHELL PADRAIC MARCUS

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Poems

By S. FOSTER DAMON

Epitaph in a Garden

Here, in the shade of younger leaves,
Now they lie sweetly.
They never lived but as a dream,
Then died completely;

For flowers face no Judgment Day
And risk no Resurrection:
Their part to shake the Naked Void
With rings and ripples of perfection.

Epitaph Upon a Philosopher

The sun, the moon, the stars, the earth
Were all created at my birth,
And now they blur and swim away
Like dreams at the approach of day.
I open, and not close, the eye;
'Tis they are dying, and not I.

Epitaph

I found the answers, then I learned
The riddles you had been;
And deprecated labyrinths
Which we had wandered in.

Now suddenly a silence;
All riddles are outrun:
Though I might touch you, yet you are
Departed past the sun.

First Glance

FEW things arouse my curiosity more than a new book by an interesting poet. There are no straight lines in the careers of poets—they must curve up or down, and the reader, if he can, may share the writer's sense of adventure as the two move together into the dark or light of a new level.

The second of Amy Lowell's three posthumous volumes, "East Wind" (Houghton Mifflin: $2.25), is neither better nor worse than any of the seven volumes which preceded it. It has all of their famous qualities and all of their notorious defects—speed, dexterity, garrulity, and glitter. But its subject matter is different, as that of any new book by Miss Lowell was likely to be; it represents an extension of her effort to cover a great deal of ground as perfectly as her impetuosity would permit. And it proves that she had it in her to become one of our best narrative poets—with the emphasis on the narrative rather than on the poetry. In "Legends" and "Can Grande's Castle" she labored with a manner. Here she has her hands full with the material of thirteen New England stories. These would have been difficult to tell in any medium, for the problems of their chief characters are problems which the services of psychoanalysis are necessary to make intelligible. That Miss Lowell is not only clear but continuously and simply interesting means that she has removed most of the obstacles between herself and the public; "East Wind" should be her most popular book. It does not mean that she stands any higher as a poet. She probably had gone as far in the direction of art as she would ever go. In the other direction of theme there were no limits upon her energetic mind. She would have continued to entertain us vastly, and I look forward to the collection which still remains to be published.

E. E. Cummings in "is 5" (Boni and Liveright: $2.50) plunges straight ahead along the path he has so indignantly claimed to be his and only his. On he goes, shouting abuse to any little fellow who may stand in his way and lowering his really fine voice to the lyric pitch whenever the proper persons over the hedge incline respectful ears. It is right that he should take his own road, and it is refreshing to hear him on the subject of his far too many competitors.

> let freedom ring
>
> amen. i do however protest, anent the un
> -spontaneous and otherwise scented merde which
> greets one (Everywhere Why) as divine poesy per
> that and this radically defunct periodical. i would
>
> suggest that certain ideas gestures
> rhymes, like Gillette Razor Blades
> having been used and reused
> to the mystical moment of dullness emphatically are
> Not To Be Resharpened.

This is amusing and good, and not to be contested. Most of the time Mr. Cummings as satirist is a man to be feared and hence to be enjoyed. I am interested, however, in the very plain signs here that the highway tilts dangerously before him; he may lose his balance and fall flat, or go rolling dangerously down hill. He misses his step at least as often as he hits it, both in his serious work and in his foolery. The extreme of his foolery is meaningless vulgarity; the extreme of his serious work—done too distinctly on the rebound—is sentimentality. He is free now; why should he not consider his pace?

Orrick Johns, who in his time has been something of an experimentalist, settles into simplicity with "Wild Plum" (Macmillan: $1.25), a group of thin lyrics most of which are stale and three or four of which achieve a beautiful brightness. He has undertaken a difficult task—to say old things, and small things, well; he seems not to have known just how difficult this can be. Vachel Lindsay takes to the mountains of the West again in "Going-to-the-Stars" (Appleton: $2). The book is to Mr. Lindsay, evidently, a valuable record of pure moments spent among flowers and stars. To his readers it will say less, since, alas, Mr. Lindsay sings mostly into his own ears these days. The tune of other times is hardly to be heard, though here and there we get sweet quavers of it. Mr. Lindsay, being truly simple, has developed a complicated way of expressing himself. All but inaudible under his symbols, he sings on in happy solitude, renaming all the posies of the world and scratching hieroglyphics on stones which never saw a man. In that solitude we must, it seems, respectfully leave him. Leonard Bacon, meanwhile, cannot be admitted into the company of simple souls. The clever author of "Ulug Beg" and

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"Ph.D.'s" attempts in "Animula Vagula" (Harper: $1.50) to shake off his cleverness and pierce to the center of a dark experience he has had. He never arrives with the humble mien that would be fitting. He is ingenious in the way he leads us up to the horror. He says a number of very neat things about it—

I shall not take my life. It has been taken—

but he does not forget that he is writing long enough to give us the thing itself. That, and that only, would have been simplicity.

MARK VAN DOREN

The United States of Europe

Pan-Europe. By Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS interesting book, first published in 1923, has now been brought out in an American edition with a rather non-committal introduction by President Butler of Columbia University and a supplementary chapter in which the author sketches the progress of the Pan-European movement during the intervening three years. As the book, although well known in Europe, will probably be new to most American readers, the thesis which it develops may properly be outlined.

Count Kalergi, who is the official head as well as the moving spirit of the Pan-European Union at Vienna, believes that if Europe, meaning thereby the western and central Continental states and their colonial dependencies, is to enjoy peace and independence, its present disunited nationalism must give way to a federation somewhat analogous to the Pan-American Union. In his view, the World War has not only altered fundamentally the relations of the European states to each other but has also relegated them to a place of dangerous inferiority and helplessness in the face of the world Powers. Of the world Powers, the two whose destined expansion is of most serious concern are Russia and Great Britain. Russia, as Count Kalergi sees it, has practically ceased to be a European state, and must henceforth be regarded as the head of a new Asiatic federation. Its influence is already being felt strongly in China, and it is laying the foundations of an accord with Japan. With Germany, however, it has a large community of interest, and if, because of political ambition or some provocation of war, it should decide to try conclusions with the West, its conquering march would not stop until it had reached the Rhine. What was left of Europe after the Russian advance had ceased would be little more than the area over which Rome once exercised control.

Great Britain, on the other hand, although bound to the Continent by many ties, is seen by Count Kalergi as more and more engrossed with imperial concerns, and in particular with the solidification of its interests in the Far East of which the new Singapore base is symbol and seal. Its natural alliance in the future, in spirit if not actually in form, will be with the United States, the world Power from which Europe has economically the most to fear. Between the English-speaking peoples on the one side and the Russian Asiatic federation on the other, western Europe, if it continues to cling to the nationalism and particularism which have been its historical portion, will be overrun if not obliterated. For the moment, Count Kalergi sees the key to the future as held mainly by Germany and France, and upon the success of Germany's efforts to effect a reconciliation with France, and of the efforts of Frenchmen of the Poincaré type to prevent it, hangs the question of whether "the day" shall be hastened or postponed.

The Pan-Europe which Count Kalergi envisages is not, apparently, an organic union, but a loose federation somewhat akin to the former German Zollverein, while embodying on its governing side the American principle of representation of states and population. The first and greatest object, however, is peace. The next war, for which the author believes that the leading nations are all preparing, promises to be an orgy of destruction in comparison with which the World War will seem hardly more than a skirmish. Against such a calamity the League of Nations, whose illogical organization and general ineptitude Count Kalergi dissects without mercy, seems to him to afford no protection. The only preventive of war is a European federation, excluding Great Britain and Russia, with security pacts and compulsory arbitration. What shall be added after this consists principally, it would seem, of a modification and unification of customs duties and the encouragement of English as the obvious universal language.

Count Kalergi's analysis of the world situation, with its recognition of something like a destiny which awaits the West, contains a good deal that will remind the reader of Spengler's political philosophy. What has been done since 1923 to spread the idea of a Pan-Europe appears, from the supplementary chapter, to be mainly a propaganda of discussion, and the idea itself is obviously still in the domain of theory. As an exposition of political tendencies, however, and of the grave predicament in which Europe has been left by the blind and perverse framers of the peace treaties, the book is an impressive performance, well worthy of attention whatever one may think of the way in which ultimate salvation may best be attained.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Add Americana

Jazz. By Paul Whiteman. J. H. Sears and Company. $3.

THIS is a book by a successful American, conscious of his success and fortified, therefore, in his status, wisdom, and wit; talking—not writing—to "just plain folks"; talking faster than any man can think, and with no time, therefore, to do more than send out through his mouth whatever has drifted in through his ear: the homely philosophy, bromidic wise-cracks ("Consistency may be a jewel but most people would rather wear diamonds, even so"), and muddy notions about music that are characteristic of his place and time.

Out of all the dizzy chatter certain truths emerge. "With a very few but important exceptions jazz is not as yet the thing said; it is the manner of saying it." This is true in two senses. Since, in the first place, the thing said—the fundamental plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk of every measure—is utterly invariable, jazz is an art of embellishment, embellishment superimposed for the purpose of concealment on what is itself incapable of change. And since, in the second place—and this is what Mr. Whiteman means—the superimposed melodic embellishments, "with a very few but important exceptions," are poor in quality and restricted in rhythmic variety to a little syncopation, the art of embellishment is mostly an art of orchestration. Mr. Whiteman, on the occasion of his first Aeolian Hall concert in February, 1924, caused considerable befuddlement by his own befuddlement in calling it "An Experiment in Modern Music" intended to demonstrate the beginning of "a new movement in the world's art of music"; for the development which he actually demonstrated was that of a new type of orchestration, which was mostly his work and represented a genius for combining instrumental timbres comparable with that of Berlioz or Stravinsky, as his own orchestra represented a genius comparable with that of Gericke or Stokowski.

But there is a constant and growing demand for change and novelty. "Four years ago a whole chorus could be run through with but one rhythmic idea. Now there must be at least two rhythmic ideas and sometimes more." And new ideas are progressively more difficult to supply. For one thing, then, recourse is had to trick and comedy scoring, even to the cheapest of cheap vaudeville entertainment, a tasteless degradation of instrument and players. But it seems that a more valuable, if less expected, source of help is serious music. Either the theme of a serious composition is taken as the point of departure of a

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subsequently original jazz composition; or the entire serious composition or a section of it is played—often as a novelty interpolated in a jazz scoring—in fox-trot time, with its melody dislocated, a new rhythmic trick at each half-chorus, low comedy on the high clarinets by Ross Gorman, and so on. The first use is unquestionably legitimate, the second unquestionably not. But, legitimacy aside, one is aghast at the lack of discrimination, the appalling ignorance of musicians who can think of these practices as a continuation of the job left unfinished by the serious composer, and expect Handel to enjoy and respect the use made of his theme in "Yes, We Have No Bananas"; who can, inasmuch as "nine-tenths of modern jazz music . . . is frankly stolen from the masters," chuckle over "lowbrows who say they can't abide classical music and highbrows who squirm when they hear jazz," and not realize that what the first enjoy and the second squirm at is the perversions of the serious compositions, not the originals; who can, therefore, pride themselves on stimulating with the perversions a taste for the originals, and wonder at the inconsistency of "the patrons of music in America who for years have been keeping good music barely alive . . . by artificial stimulation . . ." while they lamented the lack of a musical public . . ." and yet do not "rejoice to see music rising like a wave and engulfing America, to see people music-mad."

It is all like that. Perhaps the other idiocies are more familiar: about jazz expressing America, its "composite essence," "fundamental emotion," "place and time"; about its having to create new forms to do it; about art that is too good for the mass being too good for this earth and not standing the test of time, since "beauty is emotion, not intellect—and emotion is universal."

B. H. HAGGIN

History by Finance

The War Period of American Finance. 1908-1925. By Alexander Dana Noyes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THIS work is an extension of the author's well-known book called "Forty Years of American Finance." But whereas the former work covered a period in part coincident with the writer's early years and known to him only at second-hand, the present book is the fruit of the mature thought of one of the keenest analysts, and probably the best informed financial writer, in America. Moreover, for a full account of certain needed data the writer has had the first-hand assistance of Messrs. Carter Glass, Bernard Baruch, and Benjamin Strong.

"The War Period," though explicitly an account of American financial and economic conditions during the war and for some years afterward, might almost be regarded as a history, during those years, of our country, written not from a political or military standpoint, still less from the standpoint of a liberal, but from the view of an exceedingly well-informed, well-balanced, and rather conservative financier. The facts are given in such abundance, with such power of choice of the effective rather than the irrelevant, that the reader can readily discern the scene from his own philosophic or economic standpoint by a mere personal reinterpretation. The data are before him. Indeed, from the author's standpoint, it is almost impossible to exaggerate the keenness and breadth of his view. This book stands among the best histories produced by American writers. It is a book for reading first, for attentive study afterward.

It is not to be implied that the present reviewer agrees with Mr. Noyes in certain of his implications in financial history. Criticism of details is inhibited by the author's own statement that he has had, necessarily, to "treat the subject in broad perspective" and by his elaboration of this remark at some length in the preface. It is even possible to assent to the implied idea that the best standpoint from which a nation's activities may be viewed is the standpoint of its financial center. But it is impossible not to call attention to the fact that while in a book of lesser merit the total absence of any allusion to mighty sociological factors which have entered into American life in the years under discussion might be passed more or less unnoticed, in this work, because of its very excellence, one expected that no gross lacuna would appear. Thus, the growing divergences between commercial and industrial leaders on the one hand and financial leaders on the other is mentioned only incidentally in a somewhat contemptuous reference to the Pujo Investigation of 1913. It may fairly be argued that woman suffrage lies outside of the writer's purview, but, in his constant interweaving of political, economic, and massive social factors, the absence of one word (as far as the reviewer has discerned) on the subject of prohibition reveals a positive hiatus in the story of the grain markets. Of this movement itself, its initiation and its present control by the industrial and commercial leaders of the country, there is wanting even a fragment of discussion. It might be noted also that the index is unworthy of the book.

But these and similar matters put aside, Mr. Noyes has written a sketch of the leap of the nation from a debtor's position to holder of the economic hegemony of the world which deserves that rarest of praises when true—the book is really indispensable to him who desires authentic knowledge of the most important economic happenings in the history of civilization.

DREW BOND

Books in Brief

Studies in Public Finance. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. The Macmillan Company. $3.25.

Any book upon taxation and the problems of fiscal science by Professor Seligman must be accorded special recognition. The present volume, a companion and supplementary to the "Essays in Taxation," represents a selection from such of the author's fugitive writings as have a pertinent bearing on contemporary fiscal problems. The most noticeable characteristic of the studies is their lack of academic longwindedness. With the exception of the first and last chapters, on Comparative Tax Burdens in the Twentieth Century and The French Colonial Fiscal System respectively, they are *ex parte* arguments, terse and cogent. If the reader finds himself in disagreement with any of the conclusions, he must turn back to Professor Seligman's theoretical first premises and content himself with denying the axiomatic quality of these assumptions, for the logical progression from premises to deductions leaves no chink for rebuttal. A criticism may be made against Professor Seligman's approach to one group of problems. Because of his interest in the tax problems of the Eastern States—particularly New York—and his valuable services in an advisory character to the legislatures of these States, he has failed to realize the divergence of fiscal interest between the creditor States where dwell the masters of wealth and the debtor States who view these capitalists as absentee landlords. Very naturally, the first group of States seek to base income taxes on the residence of the taxpayer, while the second group would make the source of his income the base. Professor Seligman's compromise solution of double income taxation turns out, upon analysis, to be a disguised insistence upon the principle of the residence of the taxpayer; it is not surprising that the New York Legislature adopted it, but it will hardly satisfy Wisconsin or the Dakotas.

The Wood-Carver's Art in Ancient Mexico. By Marshall H. Saville. New York: Museum of the American Indian: Heye Foundation. Contributions, Vol. IX. $5.

This handsome volume is a sequence to the author's recent superb monograph on "Turquoise Mosaic Art in Ancient Mexico," also published by the Museum of the American Indian. "Wood carved and painted or gilded," says Professor Saville, "was extensively employed in the interior of houses and temples, in fashioning idols, for various articles of furniture, and

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for ceremonial and other objects. Highly intricate designs were graved with a delicacy not excelled by the work of any other people of antiquity and certainly equal to the best carved work of ancient Egypt." Owing to the perishable nature of the material few examples remain, but there are enough to emphasize Professor Saville's contention as to the extraordinary skill possessed and the rare beauty of the product. The book is illustrated by fifty-two fine plates showing carved spear-throwers, horizontal and other drums, etc., and by nineteen text figures.

Peary, The Man Who Refused to Fail. By Fitzhugh Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

Admiral Peary's whole life was a battle with adverse circumstances that would have defeated many men. This book is specially important, because it presents by a competent hand the story of Peary's early life—not before available—as well as an excellent, condensed record of his endeavors and successes in the field of exploration. A brief introduction by Mrs. Peary puts her valuable approval upon the volume.

Spiritual Values in Adult Education. A Study of a Neglected Aspect. By Basil A. Yeaxlee. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $8.75.

The first part of this work is a history of the development of adult education in the United States during the nineteenth century; the second is a consideration of the current situation; and the third is a detailed survey of adult education in churches and kindred organizations. For Dr. Yeaxlee the fundamental problem of education is the conservation of religious sentiment. He is almost exclusively occupied with religious organizations as agencies for the education of adults. To one who is more interested in adult education as an independent secular activity than in the possible expansion of the Sunday school, this book is chiefly of interest for the valuable historical material it contains.

Europe and the East. By Norman Dwight Harris. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

One would like to give unqualified commendation to a work which brings together such a vast amount of material and presents in such excellent form the elements of the problem of East and West as it affects Turkey, Syria, Persia, India, China, and Japan, to say nothing of minor entities from the Lebanon to the farther isles of the Pacific. It is not the occasional errors that seriously impair its value. These are inevitable in a work of this scope and in the present instance do not destroy the substantial accuracy of the account. But the author, after a masterly statement of the essential problems of each country, offers suggestions for their solution. These suggestions are so simple and off-hand that they amount to hardly more than a restatement of the problem. For example, there is nothing constructive in the suggestion that all that is needed in China is a strong and efficient government. Certainly, but the problem is how to get it and what to do until it arrives. The author's handy prescriptions for the ills of these Asian countries, together with his hearty condemnation of the statesmen who have tried to resolve the resulting issues practically, convey an impression of simplicity which may well be wholly misleading to the uninformed reader.

Sicilian Noon. By Louis Golding. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This is a first-rate book of travel impressions. The less-frequented Sicilian pathways have not yielded richer artistic material to Samuel Butler or even to George Gissing than they have to Mr. Golding, who substitutes for the fine sweetness of Gissing an occasional stylistic coruscation and brittle unexpectedness of phrase—tricks that too many of the clever young Georgians have stolen from the magician's hat of Aldous Huxley. In other respects this is a volume worthy of being bracketed with "By the Ionian Sea." The amazing accounts of the Palermo marionette performances and the pagan Easter celebrations in that city should be missed by no lover of the humorous or the vitally carnal in literature.

Art

Roy Van Auken Sheldon

IF art is concerned with measure and symmetry, being a sort of music that enslaves for its peculiar ends color and linear form, mass and recession, then it follows, I suppose, that its key is a kind of subtle movement which the human mind and senses can grasp and take delight in. Without trying to gauge the man who paints, writes, or models by a scale of oddness or rarity, as is often done nowadays, it can be shown that the artist who stands at the other end of triteness and dulness communicates out of the depths of himself a singularity, a something of divergence, which is beautifully human. It is this that he deposits as the enigma of creative personality on the doorsill of his own generation.

If Ruskin responded uniquely to Gothic values and Pater chiefly to the Renaissance, we today have come to realize that even more important than these is what the individual painter or sculptor or architect as such has to say. He does not, to be sure, say a neat word, a clear concept, a glittering fable; but he does express, if he is worth a second glance at all, an emotion, his burgeoning sense of the world, and he voices it in his own unborrowed way.

Random thoughts these, but quite forgivable, I think, when one contemplates the figures, torsos, half-finished studies, and portraits scattered about the Paris studio of the young American sculptor, Roy Van Auken Sheldon. Mr. Sheldon bears the stigmata of his austere training; but the inevitable asceticism imposed by his metier is even more apparent; the outcome of this self-searching eremetism has been that his masters, Bourdelle, Landowsky, and Boucher, have left his hands bare of an encumbering catechism touching the noble art of sculpture. He has talked and worked with these men, and they have whetted his nostalgia for the search. The goal of the search for any artist worth his tubes or clay is, of course, his own nexus with what, if you are a pure ironist, you will style a watchmaker's world.

But you cannot with impunity get very far without music and order in the plastic arts. After admiring the admirable canvas or figure in stone before you, you are borne inescapably to the impulse or forces back of the artist's will to create something beautiful. "Elles sont au milieu de ce monde, comme les monuments d'un autre monde; ou bien comme les exemples, ça et là disseminés, d'une structure et d'une durée qui ne sont pas celles des êtres, mais celles des formes et des lois." And further on in the same dialogue Paul Valéry makes his beloved Socrates say that all these abiding works of art simply tend to conjure up, on the one hand, the naked structure of the world and, on the other, its order and stability. They evoke, moreover, the contours of the spirit of man and its unfettered pursuit of harmony.

Mr. Sheldon, unlike the professional *Kunstforscher*, has quietly taken to the road, armed with scrip and staff, and if his search is plain in his work it is not overly obtrusive. He schools himself to the classic tradition. The lingering tradition may have to be overridden, you note, but he feels that it would be fatal to ignore or deny it. Thus he inches forward by miniscules, but his growth as an artist, his erect dignity as an artist, is an assured thing. For he is aware that no artist can live by a panacea, a code, a formula, or a theory. Mr. Sheldon knows that you cannot breed unicorns or hippogriffs from tame stable mares. Brancusi has stopped toying with light and reverted to pure mass; Mr. Epstein still leans too heavily on his surfaces, broken like a crinkled sea.

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As an example of the best of the sculptor's work I would point unhesitatingly to his head of A. G. Warshawsky, the American painter, which was exhibited at the Autumn Salon. It is, say, classic—but the mind is urged to no vain comparisons. Mr. Sheldon has gleaned ruggedness from the model, but he has also made a vivid discovery which is as startling for the layman as it must have been for the sculptor. The discovery is, in brief, "mobility in rest"; he came upon it, you feel, neither aided nor prompted; and even if this find was knowledgeable to the primitives, for Mr. Sheldon it persists, nevertheless, in being a first-hand discovery. The world moves and it is still: balance and order.

Measure and movement—and music, to refer once again to suggestive words of Paul Valéry—are also discernible in his fine Pallas Athene. In the representation the grace and severity of the goddess merge gradually into the pervading wistfulness, into the shy droop of the naiad. How did these polar qualities creep into the figure, you ask? When an artist envisages measure and movement in things, it follows, doesn't it, that opposites function only as a part of the bigger diapason? Flux and rhythm. To revise the pantheistic law slightly, opposites like good and evil do exist, but only for the sake of the imperative music, the ebb and flow. Mr. Sheldon's penguin, his white bear for a gate-post or for a pool, his numerous dancing figures, his busts and heads, especially his head of Ludwig Lewisohn, bear witness to the sculptor's journey toward self-realization; they reveal no less that he has conquered his medium and that his discoveries must in time lead to other discoveries equally worth while.

If Roy Sheldon holds that all art, and the sculptor's art in particular, is utilitarian, he wishes by these terms merely to have us understand that he intends making his own art so. The young American is an ardent devotee of city-planning because the baffling problem nowadays is what to do with works of sculpture once they are finished. And so we have no difficulty in making out what he means when he boldly says: "Give me the Woolworth Building and I will use it as a pedestal for my Pallas!"

PIERRE LOVING

Drama

Square of the Hypotenuse

NOTHING could be more conventional in the pattern of its plot than "Sour Grapes" (Longacre Theater). A man falls in love with his friend's wife; the unexpected fertility of a former love—that bane of careless lovers and the sure resource of dramatists—neatly disposes of him; and the husband and wife make it up again. Yet, in spite of all this the play is not so banal as might be expected, for the very simplicity of the triangular situation puts the author on his mettle and challenges him to reinvest it with the emotional freshness which in real life it always has.

In itself the triangle is anything or it is nothing—depending upon the characters and the ethos of the people involved. Granted a society dominated by a religious view of marriage, it becomes tragic in its most sinister form with Sin as the soul of the plot; take it down a step to the level of the seriously skeptical and it becomes a problem play not improbably freighted with "social significance"; follow it into the haunts of the more casually sophisticated and it inevitably turns to a comedy which grows lighter and lighter until, in that society devoid of either passions or inhibitions which forms the milieu of the French farce, triviality extinguishes it completely. Adultery is a sin, an experiment, a game, or a banality, depending upon the atmosphere in which it is committed; but it is always, except when it is the last, interesting, if only the atmosphere be definitely created and consistently maintained. In the abstract the triangle is as bare as that famous formula which involves the square of

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the hypotenuse, but reduced to the concrete it has a way of eluding formulae.

"Sour Grapes" manages to engage and to maintain the attention of the spectator because it does just that. The persons involved are rather ordinary people, neither primitively tense enough to convert the situation in which they find themselves into violent tragedy nor relaxed enough to see it as a mere tiresome farce. When the discovery is made the chief regret of the husband and perhaps of the wife too is not that this thing has happened but that they do not feel it more keenly than they do. "I would rather," says he, "have lost you than discover thus that I have lost my love *for* you"; and so the most unassimilable fact with which they are faced is the fact that love, for no reason at all, loses its rapture. A small but admirable cast, headed by the accomplished Alice Brady, maintains perfectly the requisite tone, and the audience is continuously interested because here, in all probability, is its own emotional common denominator. Here are no heroics beyond its own potentialities and here, on the other hand, are none of the remote conventions of artificial comedy; but here, instead, is the triangle as it may at any time appear in any milieu where there is enough leisure to give fancy opportunity to develop but where the people are not yet wholly disillusioned.

Unfortunately the play is marred by a rather fantastic conclusion for which the general good sense of the author during the course of the piece had not prepared one. In a passage marked by a somewhat desperate intensity the husband and wife decide that if they will only each act out a rapture they do not feel that rapture will be recaptured. Here is the James-Lange theory of the emotions proclaimed with a vengeance and put into practice with a naivete which would leave its original proponents a little abashed. If it is merely our author's way of bringing down the curtain, a more conventional conclusion would have been less annoying; if, as is apparently the case, he takes it with high seriousness it is merely painfully silly.

"Potash and Perlmutter, Detectives" (Ritz Theater) is funny in a manner now sufficiently standardized to call for no comment, although Ludwig Satz, brought from the Yiddish theater to fill the role made famous by the late Barney Bernard, achieves moments—especially those marked by touches of pathos—which are above the level of the text. "If I Was Rich" (Mansfield Theater) is a vernacular comedy much after the manner of "The Fall Guy." It is constantly kept within the limits set for purely commercial comedy, but its dialogue is ingeniously human and it is, all in all, a genuinely diverting piece.

"Castles in the Air" (Selwyn Theater) is an elaborate musical comedy, long on sentiment and a little short on humor, but well produced and sung. It was a huge success in Chicago and will probably repeat that success here.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Abyssinia Appeals to the League

By J. M. KENWORTHY

IT was hoped that the setting up of the League of Nations would diminish the crimes committed in secret by diplomatists and Foreign Ministers on the plea of serving their own national interests. The Government of Abyssinia, the newest recruit to the League of Nations, is seeking the protection of the League itself against two fellow-members, two supposedly civilized and advanced European Christian Powers, England and Italy to wit, on a charge of aggressive action against a poor, backward, but also Christian, independent state on the mainland of Africa. The British Foreign Minister, Sir Austen Chamberlain, is a man of spotless personal character. In his private dealings he could no more conspire with a neighbor to despoil a poor man than he could rob a church. Yet he has allowed himself to be led by the nose by his own permanent officials at the British Foreign Office and to be hypnotized by Signor Mussolini and the Italian diplomats in this Abyssinian affair. Let it be understood quite clearly that no British Government dare embark on a policy of aggression against Abyssinia by itself if only because British public opinion would not tolerate it. But because more water is needed for the river Nile to serve the purpose of irrigation in Egypt and the Sudan, and because our efforts at the capital of the State of Abyssinia to obtain the necessary concessions for the provision of this extra water had been blocked by the Italians in the old-fashioned manner, the British Foreign Office, headed by Sir Austen Chamberlain himself, has allowed itself to become allied with the most aggressive and imperialistic Power in Europe.

Ever since the eighties of last century the Italians have been seeking, in spite of numerous setbacks, to acquire a recognized protectorate over Abyssinia. Italian policy showed its hand clearly for the first time in 1889 when the Treaty of Uccialli was concluded with King Menelek of Abyssinia by which Italy believed herself to be the "Protector" of Abyssinia. This first step to invasion and annexation alarmed the Abyssinian people and the Italian claim was repudiated. Italy bided her time until 1896 when she invaded Abyssinia only to suffer a crushing military defeat at Adowah. In October of the same year a new treaty of peace was concluded between the Italians and the Abyssinians by which the independence of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia as it is officially styled, was recognized. This, however, was only a step backward in order to leap again. And whenever the forward school has been in the ascendent in the Italian Foreign Office Italy has attempted, sometimes in conjunction with France and England, to interfere with Abyssinian sovereignty.

The history of French relations with Abyssinia has been similar but less aggressive and, therefore, more successful. The French have not attempted military aggression, but, after many efforts, supported in the beginning of the present century by Great Britain and Italy, France obtained a concession to construct a railway line from her port of Jibuti in French Somaliland to the Abyssinian capital. But Britain and Italy received a quid pro quo from the French, of course without the consent of the Abyssinians. In spite of fighting one war against the Abyssinians, when we wisely resisted any attempts at annexation, the British have been solely concerned with the water supply for the Lower Nile.

In its upper reaches the Nile divides itself into two main branches, the Blue and the White Nile. The Blue Nile takes its source at Lake Tsana on Abyssinian soil and flows for some hundreds of miles through the mountain gorges of Abyssinia, afterward joining the White Nile in the Sudan. If the outlet of the Blue Nile from Lake Tsana could be dammed by a great barrage, extra water would be available for irrigation purposes in Egypt and the Sudan. The population of Egypt is growing and undoubtedly more water is required for agricultural purposes, while a great new source of excellent cotton is being exploited in the Sudan by British companies and corporations, and for the purpose of Sudanese cotton growing an almost unlimited supply of water can be utilized.

The French, therefore, so far as Abyssinia is concerned, have been contented by the building of their railway and the developing of a considerable trade with a country as large as France and Germany together and of great potential richness. England's one object is to obtain extra water. But the Italian program and ambitions are quite different. To the north of Abyssinia is the poor, barren Italian colony of Eritrea. To the southeast is another barren, almost desert area, under Italian rule, known as Italian Somaliland. Italy, never having abandoned her program of controlling and even annexing the major portion of Abyssinia, has evolved a plan of joining these two poor colonies by a great trunk railway line passing through Abyssinian territory. The Abyssinians will have none of this project. They regard Italian designs with deep suspicion. Abyssinia being an ancient Christian country converted to the faith at about the same time as Ireland, and before England, is not open to the activities of European religious missionaries. This one-time favored excuse for intervention, therefore, in the protection of missionaries, is not available where Abyssinia is concerned. But railway construction is another favorite weapon of imperialism. Railways need guards and, as in the case of the Russian Railway through Manchuria, control of the weaker power gradually passes into the hands of the owners and guardians of the railway.

But for the outbreak of the great war the economic partition of Abyssinia would have proceeded unchecked. But from 1914 to 1918 there was a hiatus. The great war having come to an end, the British renewed their pressure at the Abyssinian capital for the Lake Tsana irrigation concession. Italy offered her support to Great Britain in return for British assistance in obtaining her railway building concession. Linked up with this request, the Italians asked both the British and the French to recognize an exclusive Italian economic interest in the whole of the west of Abyssinia. This Italian offer was rejected at the time by the British Foreign Office as it was felt to be dangerous to allow any foreign Power to be placed in a position to obtain control of the head waters of the Blue Nile. Let it here be noted that the British objection was not to the Italian penetration into Abyssinia and the infringement of the sovereignty of an independent state but was based only on the ground of the water rights. In 1925

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the negotiations between the Italians and the British were resumed. The bargaining went on in secret and the Abyssinian Government was not consulted at all. But in the meantime the French had become thoroughly alarmed, and in 1923 they sponsored Abyssinia's application for membership in the League of Nations. This application was resisted, secretly of course, by the British and Italian governments. But they dare not come out into the open and Abyssinia was admitted to full membership.

Her joining of the League of Nations made not a tittle of difference to Italian policy. Nor did it make any apparent difference in British policy toward Abyssinia. Instead of openly applying for leave to barrage Lake Tsana and agreeing to pay a suitable royalty to the Abyssinian Government, the British Foreign Office attempted to obtain its water-rights by allying itself with the Italian demands.

This was the prime blunder. By December, 1925, the British and Italian governments were in accord. Italy undertook not to interfere in any way with the Nile water; and England not only undertook to support the Italian demand for leave to construct the railway but recognized the exclusive economic dominance of Italy in the west of Abyssinia. Not till June of the present year was the unfortunate Abyssinian Government apprized of this secret agreement. The response of that Government was immediate. A note of protest was dispatched at once to the Secretariat of the League of Nations and the matter has now to be thrashed out before the Council.

And where has this latest example of secret diplomacy led? If Italy wishes to construct her railway she will have to fight her way into the country. Whatever the award of the Council of the League of Nations, the Abyssinians are thoroughly alarmed and will fight to the last before giving in. They are well armed, the country is extremely difficult, the northern and western portions being mountainous, and the inhabitants make good soldiers. A victorious war with Abyssinia, wiping out the memory of Adowah, might suit the Fascist Government of Italy, but the British people will never permit a pound to be spent or a British soldier to be killed in any such unworthy enterprise.

As for the perfectly honest desire of the British to obtain extra water for the Sudan and Egypt, by omitting to bargain for the necessary rights in a straightforward manner we have put back the possibility of obtaining this extra water indefinitely. Once more secret diplomacy has overreached itself. It would not have been difficult to come to an agreement with the Abyssinian Government by fair and open methods. We have now placed formidable obstacles in our way. If Egypt requires the extra water the British Government must retrace its steps, renounce the agreement with Italy, and start over again.* The only alternative is to abandon the attempt to obtain the extra water from the Blue Nile and to carry out similar irrigation schemes on the White Nile. The White Nile lies entirely in British-controlled territory, and many engineers consider it superior to the Blue Nile for irrigation purposes.

*A note of protest sent to the Secretariat of the League by the Abyssinian Government and forwarded to Italy and England by the League drew replies from both governments earnestly denying any intention to exert coercive pressure on Abyssinia. The Italian note, summarized in the *Manchester Guardian* for August 14, protests that the agreement constitutes "solely an arrangement between the Italian and British governments with a view to coordinating certain of their economic interests, and that any such arrangement is subject to the decision of the Abyssinian Government and to the recognition by the latter that these interests harmonize with those of Abyssinia and promote civil and economic development."—The Editor THE NATION.

Contributors to This Issue

THOMAS O'CONNOR is a Boston newspaper man who became so much interested in the Sacco-Vanzetti case that he obtained a leave of absence early last summer and has devoted his time since to investigations in behalf of the counsel for the defense.

ARTHUR WARNER, an associate editor of *The Nation*, wrote the article Sacco-Vanzetti—A Reasonable Doubt in the issue of September 28, 1921.

ROBERT W. DUNN is one of the directors of the American Civil Liberties Union.

PEARL S. BUCK comes of an old missionary family, and knows both the old and the new China. Her husband teaches agricultural economics at the University of Nanking.

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Glenn Frank
on
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in Next Week's Nation

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